

THE
ADVENTURES
OF A
BANK-NOTE.

VOL. II.

THE
ADVENTURES
OF
THE
BANK-NOTE
ADVENTURES
AND THE VOLUNTEER



BANK-NOTE
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THE
ADVENTURES
OF A
BANK-NOTE.
IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

—*Explebo numerum, reddarque tenebris.*

VIRG. ÆN.

When I've held up a proper number
Of fools and knaves, and such-like lumber,
To public view, and public scorn,
Contented I'll to dust return.

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THE
ADVENTURES
OF A
BANK-NOTE.

CHAP. I.

*Blind Man and Dog against Potticar
and Pastry Cook.*

MY new acquaintance the apothecary was about four foot and an inch high; not but that he was designed by nature to have been a taller man, but by a hurt received either in the womb, or when he was very young, his legs stand a full foot

north-east of his body; so that if a person happens to be in a direct line betwixt you and him, you either see a body swimming in the air without any legs to support it, or a pair of legs walking by themselves without any body belonging to them. I was wondering to myself that he should squeeze me up in such company as a brace of clyster-pipes; but I soon found that instead of being an affront, it was designed as a compliment, for he took immense care of his clyster-pipes, because they were the support of his shop, his proper height to administer having brought him very great business in that branch. The day after I came into his possession, as he was standing not far from a noted pastry-cook's, rubbing his forehead, to consider whether he should

should perform his pipe-operation on Lady Broadstern, or first blister my Lady Drowsey---and then proceed to bombard the rear of Lady Broadstern. Whilst I say he was standing still to debate this weighty point, up comes the blind man's dog, followed by his master: the dog was a well taught sensible animal, that knew that if he walk'd between any man's legs, his master was rather too big to follow, he therefore always carefully avoided that path; as for the women's legs they were guarded by their petticoats, else perhaps his master would have had no objection to following that track: but be that as it may, the dog was taught to go between no body's legs at all; if therefore he was obliged to squeeze ever so close, he always kept either

on this or t'other side of all he met or overtook: now it so happened, that though he went on the outside of both the apothecary's legs, yet he had not sagacity enough to observe he was exactly under his body, of consequence the blind man following in a direct line, came with such a bump against the little brandisher of clister-pipes—that he sent him head foremost over poor Tray.--Now Tray, like Talgol's bear, taking man for his friend, never expected an attack from that quarter, he was therefore much vexed, and began to roar and caper about till he had entangled the leather strap three or four times round one of little Gally-pot's legs; this totally prevented his getting up, for the blind man hearing his dog was in jeopardy retreated several steps,

steps, in order to pull him out of danger, of consequence he dragged both dog and Potticar together, it was now the two leg'd animal's turn to roar out for help; as he could not see what was the matter, he thought the dog was running away with him, and where he might stop the man of physick could not guess; besides his great hat and stiff-rump'd wig were left already at five or six yards distance; for all which causes and considerations he roared like a man for help; the dog joined in concert, he wanted help too; the more noise they made the faster the blind man retreated, whilst his hurry made him feel no difference between the weight of his dog alone, and dog and Potticar joined together; but by great luck for the bolus-turner, the pastry-

cook happen'd to be in his shop,
 where all pastry-cooks ought to be;
 he heard the roaring and saw the
 mob laughing, for they, good crea-
 tures, would have let the blind man
 have walk'd backwards with his load
 into Fleet-ditch, or a mile further,
 and have enjoy'd it all the way: but
 the pastry-man had humanity, be-
 sides he chanced to know little Bo-
 lus; so out he comes out with his
 venison-knife in his hand, and be-
 fore you could say, Wilkes for ever!
 cut the leather thong directly in two,
 down went the blind man backwards,
 and in his fall overset a publican's
 maid just crossing the foot-path with
 two full pots of porter in her hands;
 one of which, in her fright and en-
 deavours to save herself, she threw
 as high as the penthouse, from whence
 it

it fell with part of its contents on the brush beaver of a smugg parson, who was just coming up with design to squeeze through the crowd. Whether he was hurrying to make interest for a lectureship, or dinner was upon the table, time must discover, one of the two it certainly was, or the doctor would never have ventured to squeeze his canonical Busby and stiff bands through such a crowd.

The good people that were following the parson thought some body had paid him the compliment from the dining-room window of the house he was then under, and had the sash been open would have joined with the church in demolishing the windows by way of satisfaction: luckily

For the master of the house the lashes were all down, and it not being possible for a quart pot to come through the glass without making a hole, the windows escaped, and the parson fell to rubbing the beer off his hat, till he had opportunity of making further enquiry, when the girl coming to look for her pot explained the whole affair.

The comedy was now drawing to a period, but concluded rather tragically to some of the parties, for the blind man lost his dog; honest Tray resenting his ill usage, ran quite off with half the strap, leaving the other half in his master's hand to guide him home; the play-footed apothecary lost both his hat and wig, but that nobody wonders at that knows London;

don; and the girl lost her pewter pot, some pious thief carried it off with design to melt it as a punishment for sacrilegiously assaulting a member of the church. The mobility now finding that all the fun, as they called it, was over, began to disperse; the parson recollecting that dinner might be growing cold, trip'd off very nimbly; the blind man grop'd his road, grumbling for the loss of his dog, but seem'd to get forward as well without him as with him; the charitable pastry-cook took the bandy-leg'd apothecary into his back parlour, and equipped him with his own Sunday wigg and hat, in which he cut so curious a figure, that, before he reached his own shop, he was very near being seized for a baboon just broke loose from his

his master, and I believe there was at least forty boys at his heels that followed to know whether it was so or not.

C H A P. II.

Clyster pipes don't always smell sweet.

THE little potion-mixing man had no sooner reached his shop, but he instantly changed the pastry-cook's flaxen Adonis for a new Dalmahoy, which he had luckily purchased two days before: it lay dressed in a box ready for any grand occasion, and never was occasion more pressing than the present; an hour had been lost in this dreadful scuffle, and both the clyster and blister patients

tients had sent to know what was be-
 come of him ; away he walked in the
 new Dalmahoy, which did not be-
 come him so well when walking as
 the stiff-rump'd physical short bob
 which he had lost ; but seated in a
 chariot would have added much to
 his consequence ; my evil star carried
 him to Lady Broadstern's first, where,
 after having performed his operation,
 his eagerness to get to Lady Drow-
 sey's made him clap the clyster-pipe
 unwash'd into its case again. I did
 not like such company, and found
 myself rather worse off than in the
 tape woman's snuff-box ; but Pa-
 tience was always my best friend, I
 call'd her to my assistance, and she
 came ; but was forced to stop her
 nose all the time she staid to comfort
 me : however, when I was near the last
 gasp,

gasp, I felt the lid of the case open. I thought as people out of luck will be always turning the worst side towards them, that he was perhaps going to operate with the other pipe, and return him in the same condition, that they might not quarrel about which had the highest flavour; but it was no such thing; the druggist had called to see if Bolus had examined his last bill of parcels, which was as much as to say, you may pay me if you please. Bolus took the hint; he was exact in his dealings, though not in his shape; snap went the lid of the pipe-case, and out came I into the open air, to my great joy you may believe. The druggist did not keep me three hours in his pocket-book; he had a girl in Margaret-street, who he said was a most faithful

faithful creature to him, that night he delivered me into her hands. I found her qualifications exceeded the character he gave her, for she was not only faithful to him, but to fifteen or sixteen more. She might be faithful to some others for ought I know, but as I staid with her only three days, sixteen were the most that I saw. By her I was given to a tall hard favoured fellow with a cockade in his hat ; he used to thresh her every now and then, and that pretty tightly, for which reason she let him sleep with her for nothing, and paid him into the bargain. Many a good guinea did he extort from this poor young creature, who worked hard enough, God knows, for her money ; for the ways of vice are not such pleasant ways as people imagine. The
fellow

fellow was a bubble at cards, he
 thought himself a good player, and
 was a dismal bad one; ten guineas
 out of the note did he lose that night
 at whist, but as the winner could not
 give him change, I still remained in
 his possession; he returned in a very
 ill humour an hour sooner than usual
 to Miss Diana's lodgings. It hap-
 pened that a brewer had popped in
 from S—d—h; he had just agreed
 with her for as much of her mer-
 chandize as would amount to the sum
 of one pound one; whether she dealt
 in gauzes, or blond laces, or cam-
 brick, or holland, or ribbons, I can-
 not positively tell, but she was just
 going to measure off his quantity,
 when they were interrupted by a
 voice, saying, "Damn the scoundrel,
 " what business has he here, I'll soon
 " kick

“kick him down stairs”. The brewer by good luck had his sword on; for city brewers, city bakers, city brokers, city mercers, city cutlers, city drapers, and city bum-bailiffs, all clap swords across their docks when they come to this end of the town; but our brewer was a gentleman as well as a master of malt, he knew how to handle his sword, and had courage enough to do it. The maid had told Captain Cockade that her mistress was engaged with a gentleman, who would not stay above half an hour; she had seen the brewer before, and knew he liked to be expeditious in his business, whether he was * leaking on or off. The noble self-dubb’d Captain being in a cross humour, answer’d in

* Leaking on, is a term in brewing.

the

the polite fashionable speech I have mentioned, and began to mount up stairs: he no doubt had met with bold sparks, that on sight of his terrible cockade and fierce little hat, had sneakingly begged pardon and marched off; but our brewer was not brew'd from pale malt, he had been in Germany, and seen battles, and bloodshed, and plundering, and blundering, and contracts, and compacts, and all sorts of warlike tricks, (for warlike tricks keep pace with peaceable tricks all the year round); besides he had heard cannons roar by hundreds, the sound of a pop-gun had no other effect upon him than the roaring of the furnace under his own copper has upon the contents within it, as the last makes the liquor boil, so the first made his choler rise
till

till it began to work like his own guile-fat, he snatch'd up his whiniard, and getting close to the door, just as the captain entered, he saluted him with so handsome a dowse on the jaws, that it loosen'd two of his fore-teeth; then retreating drew his shining blade, and putting himself in a posture of defence, cries, " You
 " kick him down stairs! scoundrel,
 " draw."—Whether the captain, like Bobadill, was planet-struck, or he did not like the sample of the brewer's knuckles, or it was not his fighting-day, or what was the matter, I won't say; but the cockade-carrier could not for his soul get his right hand to move towards his sword: on which, finding his courage, like a court-friend, forsook him, when he had most occasion for it, he very coolly

ask'd the consumer of hops, what he gave him that blow for? "for your-
 "self," answers the brown-stout
 vender. "I design'd it for your
 "own use intirely." "Very well,"
 replies the captain, "and you see I
 "have taken it quietly, because I
 "would not make a disturbance in
 "this lady's house."

Nothing is more certain than that
 all women despise a coward. The chaste
 Diana, who valued her favourite only
 because she thought he could have
 eaten a crocodile for his breakfast,
 or broiled half a dozen Tartars, whif-
 kers and all, on a gridiron for his din-
 ner, could not curb her tongue,
 when she saw him cut such a sneak-
 ing figure. "What, says she, have
 "I suffered myself to be threshed to
 "a mum-

“ a mummy by a coward? You
 “ paltry rogue, you can fight a
 “ woman bravely, but dare as well
 “ be hanged, I see, as face a man.”
 “ What, says the brewer, did he ever
 “ beat you, Di? You might have
 “ known him a coward by that; but
 “ I’ll have full revenge for you out
 “ of his bones.” Will you, thinks
 the noble captain, who had fideled
 close to the door; but I’ll take care
 of that. Upon which he made but
 one step to the stair-head, and two
 more to the bottom, from whence he
 was out at the street-door in less time
 than a swallow could have flown over
 the same space of ground. The
 brewer then having little time to
 spare, got her to measure the one
 and twenty shillings worth of goods
 he had bargained for; which business

she soon dispatched, and then told him he was kindly welcome whenever he had occasion for any of her merchandize; but he should never pay a farthing, for he had delivered her from a fellow that squandered her money faster than she could earn it, though no body, she was sure, worked harder for it than she did. The consumer of hops admired the poor unhappy creature's spirit so much, that he made her take two guineas instead of one, and marched home as well contented as if he had subscribed them to an hospital, and had his name in print for the money.

A certain clergyman, from what part of his majesty's dominions he came, whether, north, south, east, or west, I am not certain, but west
it

it may be supposed, very gravely told his congregation, that one misfortune never came alone, but the greatest was always attended by a greater. In what part of the Old or New Testament he found this I am not learned enough to determine : if Solomon said so, I shall never dispute it, for he was a wise man, which is more than I am for taking pains to write this, or you, Mr. Reader, for reading it : but since I am in for it I'll go on, though, like several others, as clever fellows as myself, I know I am doing wrong with my eyes open. But do not let me interrupt myself ; an author can meet with interruptions enough from other people ; for if duns, bailiffs, and empty bellies are not interruptions enough, I do not know what interruptions

are. But to my tale.—If captain Cockade had heard the parson's sermon, the misfortunes of that night would have convinced him the preacher was a witch; for his great misfortune of losing ten guineas was succeeded by the loss both of his petticoat-pension and two of his teeth, which he then thought the greatest misfortune; but this was still succeeded by a greater, for in crossing Tyburn-road he was knocked down by two foot pads, who found nothing in his breeches pocket but me, for unluckily he had put me there as the safest place. This shews the shortness of human foresight: had I been crammed into his coat or waistcoat pocket, as waste paper, I should have escaped; but as it was I became a prey to two of the most abandoned black-

blackguard scoundrels that ever inhabited the blind alleys of St. Giles's, whither they immediately retired to a night-cellar; the landlord of which, after enquiring what sort of a person they borrowed the note from, rightly judged Mr. Cockade knew no more of the number than he did of Hebrew, so conscientiously gave them five guineas for it: but knowing, from experience, that no time was to be lost in dangerous expeditions, he went next morning pretty early with an ass and a pair of panniers, as if just come out of the country, to a grocer's, a good distance from his den, and bought as much sugar and other things useful to him as came to four or five pounds, took change, and then, with a harmless looking phyz, asked them where he might find a

good lemon shop? The grocer recommended him to an acquaintance in the next street, and civilly shewed him where to turn: but Mr. Humphry Thiefden (for that was his name) no sooner got out of sight, but he je'up'd his companion homeward as fast as the gravity of the animal would permit him to go, and soon landed his cargo in his den. I was left with the grocer, greatly rejoiced to be delivered out of the hands of Mr. Thiefden, in whose cave I saw, in three hours time, so much wretchedness, drunkenness, lewdness, and all kinds of debauchery, joined with the most horrid blasphemous oaths, that I cannot help thinking that Providence, for reasons best known to itself, suffers a certain number of fiends from hell to take possession

possession of human bodies. If Whitfield has the disposal of so much fire and brimstone as he talks of, I wish he would spare a little of it to smoke that den of thieves. But the subject is too disagreeable to dwell upon, so I'll e'en dismiss it and end my chapter.

C H A P. III.

Better to repent late than never.

I AM now got into the hands of of my new friend the grocer. Who would not be a bank note to have such a quick succession of adventures and acquaintance? I would not, says a custard-eating alderman. Why not, says I, and please your worship? Because, friend, says he, your

your lives are so short, few survive the year, but not one in fifty live to be two years old. Two years old ! says I ; why that, and please your worship, is equal to your two hundred ; time is measured only by the slower or quicker succession of ideas. A sparrow that dies of old age at the end of four or five years, performs some particular feats oftener than any man that lives to the age of fourscore, and has been as useful to his generation. Who will pretend to say that a fly, which exists but a short summer, has not had as many amours and form'd as many schemes as the oldest statesman of them all ; and at the latter part of his life has his limbs as much emaciated with age, and his brain as much exhausted with vile schemes, as that great patriot

patriot of most infamous memory
 Lord B—. Who will say,—but hold,
 it's a folly to go on, for I perceive my
 custard-belly'd friend, the alderman,
 is fast a sleep already.

I return therefore to my new friend
 the grocer. He was a man of bu-
 siness: as he lock'd me up in his
 desk I heard him say to his wife, that
 sugar, my dear, was for election
 punch in the country, you therefore
 might have clap'd t'other halfpenny
 a pound upon it. I did put a penny,
 says the wife, and that was pretty
 well I thought. So it was, says he,
 for any body else; but we cannot
 charge parliament-men too much, for
 at the bottom they are all—just then
 the desk closed, and I could not hear
 the

the last word, but every reader many judge for himself what it was.

The grocer never stopped circulation long, he paid me the next day to a sugar-baker, in — street, a plodding, sober, saving man; and, though he was a bachelor, he never went to any wicked bawdy-houses, but commonly hired a good stout country wench to be a maid of all work, viz. to dress his victuals, make his bed, and sleep with him, &c. Now it commonly fell out that he hired such honest girls that they did all the work of the house in a literal sense, and work'd both for the book-keeper and apprentice into the bargain, though it was more than he bargained for; yet it look'd well in the poor thing to shew such a willingness,

ness to be doing. These doings, however, put the refiner of brown sugar to the expence of sending the girl once a year to see her aunt in the country, for her working so hard, both for master and men, constantly occasioned a tympany, which about two months country air perfectly cured her of, and she always returned as brisk and as ready to go about her business as ever. By this means the saving sugar-baker had already five bantlings at nurse at Smoke Dung-hill farm, at half a crown a head. Whether they were the fruits of his own work, or the joint labours of the family, I wo'nt pretend to say; but as the girl was really so honest as to work for none but themselves, it was a real family-affair, and the old woman with truth might say there was
a great

a great family-likeness in all the children. She was just returned from a country expedition, as fresh as a rose, when I came to pay them a visit, and finding the melter of sugar growing more fond of her, the less able he was to shew it, the natural cunning of the sex began to work; she first turn'd methodist; then, by the advice of the old chairwoman that used to do the business of the house in her absence, she consulted the doctor about the scheme she had laid. He examined her closely, very closely indeed, then gave her his blessing, absolution, and advice, (for which she gave him two guineas.) According to his directions she artfully brought the sugar-baker to go and hear the pious doctor, who raised such scruples in his conscience, that, after a very pathetic discourse levelled

levelled all at the demolisher of sugar-moulds, and for which she was to pay pretty handsomely; he piously resolved no longer to lead such a wicked life, but take her to his bosom, for better and worse, having had, as he thought, a very fair trial of her; and I think so too; what do you think, gentle reader?

The marriage-day being fixed, away went I a second time into a mercer's hands for a wedding gown; but here I fetch'd only forty shillings change; the good woman resolved her wedding gown should be fit for a sugar-baker's lady. I could not help admiring the prudence of this cunning female, who not only took care to turn her master into a husband, when

when he grew good for nothing else, but secured to herself a reinforcement in the doctor; for at the first examination he had convinced her he was both able and willing to direct the bodies as well as the souls of his hearers, and at a visit or two after, prov'd to her that he never promised more than he could perform. My parting from them to go to the mercer prevents me giving a further account of this happy family, only I know both the book-keeper and apprentice were received into the number of the elect; so there is no doubt but the sugar-man's business in all branches goes on swimmingly. Before I left them they had begun to be a little noisy in singing psalms three or four times a day, and some wicked

ed neighbours talked of indicting them for a nuisance, but I believe their threats will come to nothing.

C H A P. IV.

Flesh and guts no fence against Cupid's darts.

THE silk mercer to whom I was paid prov'd as jolly a fellow as Sir Snoringham Hopfack, the husband to Jack's father's cousin; and the wife of this mercer rather exceeded Lady Hopfack in belly, so that for ten years past they had not been able to touch one another with their faces foremost, otherwise than, like two billiard-balls, in the extreme parts of their circles; they had therefore given up all thoughts of meet-

ing face to face to do any good for the last ten years. Madam comforted herself with a glass of excellent cinnamon-water now and then in lieu of matrimonial comforts, and the mercer smoak'd as much tobacco as brought the king an annual duty of forty shillings, besides prime cost; both these were very drying articles, and which Cupid has always forbid his votaries from meddling with; he therefore saw the mercer puff, and his wife lift her hand to her head with indignation, and was resolved to be even with one or both. An opportunity soon happened; the landlady of the house where the mercer every evening sent up such clouds of incense had just got a niece of her's out of the country to assist her in the bar: the seat from whence Jolly Boy
sent

sent those exhalations of mundungus, exactly fac'd that part of the bar where the niece stood. Cupid took his stand upon one of the girl's shoulders for four or five nights together, but found the mercer so envelop'd in smoak that he could take no manner of aim at him; but on the eighth night, as he was filling a fresh pipe, though he seldom was longer about that business than whilst you could count ten, the arch mischief-making urchin took such good aim, that the arrow hit him smack under his left pap, and made the same kind of noise as a Greenland fisherman's harpoon doth when it enters into the blubber of a whale. Now I have heard that the more a whale strives to get rid of the weapon, the more he sucks it in, till at last it reaches his

vitals : so it fared with our skeleton of a mercer ; Cupid might as well have attempted to batter down Edinburgh-castle with arrows tipt with lead instead of gold, as have reached his heart through that quantity of blubber which guarded it ; but the urchin knew, that whale-like, when once wounded, he would do his own business, by sucking it in ; so gave himself no more trouble about it. He would have shot the girl with one of his leaden darts, which cause the contrary passion to love, but he thought the mercer's fat gut sufficient to keep her from falling in love with his paunch ; and in both cases he judged right, for the mercer soon sucked the arrow quite through his liver and lights, and made a hole in his heart big enough for one of the

Sadler's-

Sadler's-Wells young tumblers to creep through. He was now never easy unless he was (*Ætna* like) belching out clouds of smoak in his fair one's face. His wife wondered what was the matter with him, he attended an hour sooner and came home an hour later than usual ; whilst the poor girl wish'd him at the devil for keeping her and her aunt up every night an hour longer than ordinary ; for now he was always the last to go, and used to be the first. By accident I was his companion all this time, for he kept me in his pocket with design to present me to his *Dulcinea*, which he did one night as he went out. She was alone in the bar. He bid her buy ribbons and fans with me. The girl shewed me to her aunt, who not suspecting poor Guts had such a hole in

his pluck, judged he wanted change against his reckoning, so sent him nineteen pounds eighteen shillings and three pence, as soon as she got up next morning. What answer Trundle-belly return'd I do not learn, for before the messenger returned she paid me away to her coal-merchant, who carried me to Smithfield to purchase a cart-horse. He tried, I believe, twenty, and at last bought one that pulled like a dragon; gave a fellow six-pence to lead him home with him, leaving me in the hands of one of the keenest rogues that infest Smithfield. I could not find out what the fellow was laughing at for the first five minutes after I came into his possession, but I soon understood that the honest coal-merchant had given twenty pounds for a horse he had ordered
his

his own servant to sell for three about six weeks before, because he was so broken-winded he could not work. How did you set him so well? says a brother jockey : I never was so hard put to it in my life, says Keensides. I'll set most horses to stand eight, ten, or twelve hours; but this devil's wind was so far gone, I could scarce get him to stand the sale : but in an hour's time I'll answer for him he'll blow the tiles off the coal-merchant's stable, if 'tis a small one. Fine doing, thinks I :—thus the world goes round, the jockey cheats the coal-merchant, and the coal-merchant, to make it up, robs all his customers by short measure.—What numbers of rogues in this world say you ! what numbers indeed I reply.

CHAP. V.

*Satan continually baiting traps for the
righteous.*

THE broken-winded horse-set-
ter paid me to a brother's
switch, who inclosed me in a letter to
his wife, a pretty young creature,
whom he had left in the country
quite penniless ; so I took the other
trip into Yorkshire. It is impossible
to describe the pleasure that sparkled
in her eyes on receiving so seasonable
a supply, for I found she had given up
all hopes of either seeing or hearing
from her husband again. She had
been forced to borrow a guinea of a
young silversmith her neighbour, and
the Jewish rogue had already gotten
above five guineas worth of kisses for
it,

it, reckoning them but at half a crown a dozen. I had not been in her hands half an hour before Demetrius came on the old errand, to ask her how she did, and get half a score kisses, worth at least half a guinea a piece, for nothing: but when she pulled me out, and with a grave face begged he would pay himself, and give her the change, you would be surprized what an alteration there was in his countenance. He sneaked home to fetch the cash; but, instead of saying, Madam, I hope you wo'n't think of repaying that trifle till your husband returns, which a man of spirit that had got so many kisses ought to have done, he, true shop-keeper-like, brought here eighteen guineas and a shilling, leaving his own guinea fast under lock and key at home; and, for fear a generous fit
 should

should seize him, left me behind to guard the guinea. I fancy he did not like his reception, for he returned directly and opened and shut his drawer two or three times in a great hurry, as if he was in a passion.

What had * discomfronted the gentleman so much I never could learn, because a quaker just then coming in with a piece of paper in his hand, which I found was a receipt for twenty pounds, Demetrius whip'd me out of the drawer, and in his passion throwing me at the quaker's head, cries, There d——n your formal face, there's your money for

* N. B. The author thinks he has as great a title to coin words as the great Doctor any-body; and whether he takes his degree or not, he declares he will do it whenever he pleases.

you,

you, you stiff-rump'd son of a b—h; a man had better owe money to the devil than a quaker; you are as punctual in fetching your money as the black gentleman will be in fetching your hypocritical souls when pay-day comes. I could not help thinking this melter of crown and half-crown pieces a very passionate fellow, but honest Yea and Nay very coolly put me into his pocket-book, and said, Thee art not angry with me, I hope, friend? and walked very deliberately out of the shop.

I found my friend Obediah was, as Demetrius said, the most stiff-rump'd, pious-looking, formal dog of a quaker that ever squinted under the skirts of a broad-brim'd hat.—The man moved exactly like a piece of clock-work,

work, his hand would be two minutes in finding its way into his breeches pocket, and above three in coming out again, if he had any money to pay. This thing was a holder-forth at the meeting-house of the faithful; he put me with great deliberation into his pocket-book, where I remained very quiet, and for a fortnight saw Obediah every day move from his house to his oil-mill (for he was a manufacturer of rapeseed oil) and from thence about his preachments and other occasions, without a single variation either in his step or features.

One day as Obediah was returning home from a market-town, which was about half a mile from the house he dwelt in, he saw a crowd of people
going

[45]
 going in and coming out of one of the habitations of the wicked. Finding it was a sale of goods, the spirit moved him to walk in : just then a plain stuff settee was going off for a very trifle, Obediah judging it would furnish one side of his dining-room very cheap, bid the other shilling, and got it. In the evening he sent his mill-man for it, (who was likewise one of the faithful) ; little did the crusher of rapeseed think that his master had bought the devil, and he was bringing him on his back inclosed in the settee. Obediah was so new-fangled with his purchase, that he used to loll very often upon it. His house-keeper, or chambermaid, or maid of all work, call her which you please, was a comely dame of about two and twenty ; she moved as stiff

as her master, and never missed the meetings of the saints, not only at Obediah's holding-forth-days, but likewise to club some hums and fobs at a silent meeting. This good soul thinking the wicked ones, for whom these machines were first invented, had no hereditary title to more ease than the faithful, used to loll an hour or two every afternoon upon it. One day she felt something hard under her elbow, which on further examination she found to be a book very cunningly concealed amongst the stuffing; it proved to be the Memoirs of ****. I shall soon see, says Tabitha, after reading the title, what sort of pleasures the prophane spend their time in. Accordingly she read, and turned over, and read, and spit on her thumb and turned over again; all family affairs
were

were neglected, and Tabitha was reading when Obediah came in. He stared to see no preparations made for tea, and the fire gone quite out. What is the matter with thee, O Tabitha, saith Obediah? What art thee reading? O Obediah, replieth Tabitha, I have found a book in this wicked conveniency, sent hither by thee, that has set all my blood on fire with anger; for sure as thee art there, the flesh is rebelling against the spirit. Let me see it, saith Obediah, and go thee and get tea ready. Away went Tabitha, and Obediah began to read. When Tabitha brought in the tea things, Obediah said, O Tabitha, this book is one of Satan's mouse-traps; his blood was boiling (with anger I suppose) as much as her's, and Satan, whose sole delight is in laying
snares

snare for the godly, taking the advantage whilst their blood was hot on both sides, egg'd 'em on to make as profane a use of the settee, as W—f—d himself could have done, had it even been to convert a woman of quality.

I could hardly believe my own eyes and ears ; and if Obediah and Tabitha had stopped there, I should have argued myself into a belief that it was all a dream ; but repetition upon repetition has convinced me, that when the devil has once got hold of the faithful, he makes them move as nimbly in his service, as the most abandoned rakes in Covent-garden can do for their ears ; and I've a great notion Mr. Lucifer, for their encouragement, gives them equal rank with Jews and Jesuits.

Hear

Hear this, O ye prophane, and attend, O ye elect; keep a strict watch against the most distant approaches of the Evil One; with caution guard your eyes, and clap a great padlock on your inclinations.—Verily I did, quoth Obediah; but who could have suspected that the tempter lay hid in the stuffing of an old settee?

Now Obediah is naturally a man of a good disposition, and though it has weakened the uprightness not only of his inward but outward man, yet he will not part with the settee on any account, lest Satan should have spawned a young fry in it, that might raise insurrections in a fresh family; and being sensible that the heat of the engagement between himself, Satan, and Tabitha is partly over, he trusts

that time, with a little pains-taking, will allay the fever in his blood, and do the same by the pious good creature Tabitha. Now Tabitha being ten years younger than himself, I am apt to suspect he may be wide of the mark in regard to his handmaid; a little more pains-taking may quiet him, but I am more than much mistaken if Tabitha's blood cools again till due pains have been taken with her.

I was very near a month in Obediah's possession, after Satan had almost levelled this broad-brim'd mortal's standard of uprightness, and beaten quite flat the cheveux de frize of poor Tabitha's chastity, in which time the industrious quaker kept labouring hard to cool not only his own but

but his careful handmaid's blood : on his own side, he every day seem'd to make considerable progress ; but affairs did not, I think, succeed so well on poor Tabitha's ; and Obediah appear'd to me, what you shall hear in the next chapter.

C H A P. VI.

Labour in vain.

HAVE you never seen a man striving to empty a well with a small bucket ; vain of his strength, he for an hour together keeps working like a mill-horse : nature at last obliges him to take five minutes rest, when lo, to his great surprize, the well is as full as when he first began. The man, you must take for granted, is a

sensible man; that supposition is a very natural one, because I never meddle with fools if I can help it, there's no credit to be got by them; I therefore repeat it again, the man being a sensible man, must naturally give the matter up, because he plainly sees he may spend his strength, labour in vain. But suppose this self-same, sensible, strong man had begun to empty a well wherein there was a pump fixed, and after pumping a full hour, in five minutes time it should rise to the height he began at, how could he know it? you'll say. How could he indeed? say I. Of consequence, though we have allowed him to be a wise man, he would keep working on to no purpose, but to tire himself. This is the situation that Obediah appeared to me to be in at
the

the close of the last chapter, and where I should be unwilling to leave him, were I not certain he will succeed in half of his work, and cool his own blood, whatever he may do by poor Tabitha.—All the time I staid afterwards with him I attended him closely to the preachment-house, and heard several of the faithful observe, with surprize, that Obediah grew every day less and less stiff; but held forth against the wickedness of this world, and the sinful lusts of the flesh, much more feelingly than he used to do. On which I could not help reflecting, that the Devil himself, in spite of his teeth, cannot prevent good from rising now and then out of evil; and why should it not? He has no more foresight than we poor pur-blind mortals, and what we

design for good very often turns out evil ; but the world was from the beginning ordered so to go round ; and that round, as sure a Jew is no Christian, though several Christians are Jews, will continue to the world's end. Dung produces cucumbers, and cucumbers return to dung again ; they did so three thousand years ago, and will do so three thousand years hence.

By Obediah I was paid into the hands of a man of large fortune in the same town ; but the most sordid, ill tempered, envious creature that nature ever form'd. His large fortune was a curse upon him ; he pined in the midst of plenty, because his neighbours round about him could eat as well as himself ; and although
he

he would not give half a crown for a turkey, or eighteen pence for a roasting pig, (which was a great price where he dwelt) he hated every man that did; and would have stuck at nothing he could do with safety to ruin every soul within twenty miles of him that durst eat.—With his own good-will he would have had no body able to purchase even a piece of tripe, unless he was the proprietor of the whole, and got two or three hundred per cent. by it. And then he did not care how they came by their money: they might smuggle, rob, or even murder, provided he had a profit out of their gains; but where he had not a feeling, he took care to betray the secrets of every man's business. He himself formerly had a pretty little smuggling job, which for several years

cleared him about five hundred per annum ; but when by accident it was discovered, for fear any of his neighbours should even come in for the gleanings, he took care to blow it entirely : had he not done that, like Macbeth, he would have murdered sleep ; but, till it was effectually blown, he did lose several nights rest, for fear any of his neighbours should get a guinea where he had got fifty. Thus the very riches, which in a good man's hands are a blessing to himself and all around him, are by the direction of Providence pour'd profusely into the lap of such sordid miserable creatures, only to make them more conspicuously wretched ; for though all about this animal hated him, yet the natural goodness of heart which, to my knowledge, a great

great many of my countrymen inherit from their brave ancestors, made them pity a wretch who took pains to render his own life both miserable and contemptible.—This compound of envy, hatred, and malice; this second edition of colonel Chartres, with great additions and improvements, (I ask my friends the bookseller's pardon for making use of one of their phrases) had a wife as like himself as one Norfolk dumpling is to another: with a large fortune she had the same sordid disposition as her curious help-mate; like him too she was as purblind as a beetle, for neither of them could clearly distinguish any object above the length of a tooth-pick from their nose: to see them at breakfast, he holding a letter to read within two inches of his right eye, and she examin-

examining her kitchen-wench's account of a three farthings cabbage, and a farthing's worth of mustard, within an inch and a half of her left eye, exhibited a much droller picture than Hogarth himself ever invented: as to the china-equipage, it would do your heart good to get a peep at it: the old lady had bought a crack'd china tea-pot, without a lid, at a sale for three-pence: an acquaintance ask'd what use she could make of it? O dear, says she, I have a lid at home will fit it charmingly, and it will do for common use; and then if our maid breaks it, (for they are careless creatures) I need not stop above six-pence out of her wages for both tea-pot and lid.—Now in regard to the lid, the old lady had a special guess, for sure as you are there, she had hoarded

hoarded up the lid of a broken mustard-pot that fitted her purchase exactly ; and though one was blue and white china, and the other brown earthen-ware, both he and she agreed it match'd to a hair. On each side of this tea-pot was placed two tea-cups, that would not hold above three thimbles full of tea apiece ; one stood on a saucer large enough for a soup-plate, and the other on a saucer that had formerly belonged to a child's set of china for a doll : the sugar-bason was a common-sized tea-cup pieced in three places, filled with lump sugar, curiously broke into small square pieces of about eight and forty to an ounce : the milk-jug was a galley-pot, which madam had bought of an itinerant physician for three-pence ; it was filled with yellow salve
for

for cuts, burns, blotches, or scabs ; of the last of which both he and she, at spring and fall, had no great lack. The doctor promised to allow her a penny for the empty pot when he came his rounds the next year, but as madam had used all the salve in half that time, she thought she might as well make the pot earn its living till the doctor arrived, so turn'd it into a milk-jug, and, by the help of a horn spoon which formerly belonged the broken mustard-pot, it proved a useful vessel. I am afraid I shall make a tedious long breakfast of this to my reader, by describing it so minutely, but for my soul I cannot help it ; it pleased me, and please or not please my readers, I am resolved to ram it down their throats. On another sawcer, which had been
 stitched

stitched together by some country
 blacksmith with two pieces of thick
 brass wire, lay three slices of brown
 bread and butter, cut so thin, that
 if the maid had come through any
 open passage with it the wind would
 certainly have blown it away; but,
 to make amends, madam always had
 a hoard of ship biscuit in a little cup-
 board, which she begged of the ship-
 masters that carried any goods for
 them, on pretence that the biscuits
 made for ships were much better
 than those designed for sale on shore;
 of these he and she eat one a-piece, be-
 cause they cost nothing, then taking
 each a slice of the bread and butter
 by way of *bonne bouche*, and wash-
 ing it down with three of their large
 cups of tea, in which they consumed
 between them at least the tenth part
 of

of an ounce of sugar. They left one piece of the bread and butter, to shew Betty how extravagant she had been in cutting so much, and hoped she was more careful for themselves in the kitchen. You would judge by that speech, that Betty had the command of the butter-pot; but no such thing; I assure you, for the provident lady every morning delivered her a piece about the size of a walnut, to spread bread and butter for the whole family. Thus ended this notable breakfast; when they parted to their different avocations for the day; he to his computing-house, to find out whose pocket he could pick, or whose credit he could blast; and she to peep into every dirty hole and corner of the house, to find if the servants had embezzled an inch of farthing candle, or
given

given away a gill of small beer, or a crust of bread to a starving wretch at the door: these two articles being crimes they were sure to be turned away for. But as the breakfast is ended, it is time I should end my chapter, being fully convinced my reader will never desire either to taste of, or hear of, such another breakfast.

C H A P. VII.

Late Suppers digest badly.

THE many ridiculous scrapes that the short-sightedness of these two miserable objects brought them into, would really be a proper subject for laughter, did not the villainous sordidness of their dispositions excite in us the utmost abhorrence

rence and contempt. I ought therefore to drop the subject, but I cannot resist my inclination to speak of a little ridiculous affair that happened to them before I had the good luck to get out of the hands of the family.

The sum of five hundred pounds had tempted this reptile to take a gentleman's son apprentice. This young fellow was a fine, wild, sprightly lad, and of a generous spirit. He soon saw the sordid disposition of this pair of wretches, and took pleasure in playing a thousand pranks to disconcert them. He and his comrades half-untilled the house one night, and frightened them so with the apprehension of thieves, that 'tis thought from that time they never both fell asleep together, but took their turns,

one to lay awake whilst the other slept, which agreed with their suspicious minds so well, that it soon became habitual. To this Mr. Pickle was I delivered to be paid away next morning, that night (it being madam's turn to take the first watch) this youth stole softly into the kitchen, and having stirred up the fire on which he had thrown some coals before he went to-bed, he took a large birch broom, from which he wrenched the shaft, then running the spit through it, tied it fast on, and laid it down to roast; put the dripping-pan under it, with the basting-ladle, &c. not forgetting the roast-meat screen, lined with old cannisters. This done, with noise enough to alarm the old lady, he wound up the jack, and then retired to the corner of the passage where she

must pass by him. In half a minute he perceived her stealing down stairs without shoes, with a small lamp in her hand, which she was so extravagant as to keep burning all night, and which in winter-time could not consume less than a farthing's worth of oil, though the moment day peep'd she always got up to blow it out; when she reached the kitchen-door, in she bolted, crying, So, so, I knew I should catch you at it some time or other, ye rogues and huffies; without waiting for an answer from the good company in the kitchen, who she took for granted were all assembled, she made up to the fire-place, where peeping over the screen, and seeing the broom, which she took for a sirloin of beef, it surprized her so, that she let her lamp fall, and broke it

it into fifty pieces : this misfortune did not prevent her from turning to that corner of the kitchen where the coachman and footman, and the two maids, always sat, and who she looked upon of course must be there now ; when she began the following speech to the empty chairs.

You abominable impudent villains, and confident baggages, how dare you look me in the face, after such vile doings as these ? I thought I should catch you at last. I have long suspected your tricks ; but if such doings as these pass unpunished, farewell justice ! Will nothing serve you but a whole firloin at once, ye extravagant wretches !—Now the old lady in her passion had forgotten that for the last two years a firloin had never entered her doors ; but no mat-

ter for that, on she went.—What, have you nothing to say for yourselves, ye dirty trollops and guttling rascals? I am glad you have not; it's a sign of grace, but my Georgee shall quickly make ye find your tongues. On this, without waiting for an answer from the old chairs and a broken table, to whom she had been making this fine harangue, she pops to the kitchen-door, and bawls out, Georgee! my dear Georgee, come down directly; I have 'em all here, rogues and hussies, that are going to devour us alive. She had left the chamber-door open, so Georgee soon heard her well-known voice. Nature, to make amends for their want of eyes, had formed both their ears wonderous quick. Georgee awoke, and finding both wife and lamp gone, did not stay to grope out
his

his breeches, but pok'd his way down as fast as he could in his shirt; directed by his wife's voice, he soon reached her at the kitchen-door, for there she stood sentinel, for fear the old chairs she had talk'd so handsomely over should make their escape. What's the matter, Dearee,? says Georgee. Matter enough, says his help-mate; we should have been eaten out of house and harbour and ruin'd before morning, if my ears had not been very good. See what a fire there is, and what a fine firloin of beef is on the spit. What, a firloin? says Georgee, clapping his nose as close to it as he could for the screen, I think it looks more like a leg of mutton; but we have not had a firloin or a leg of mutton in the house God knows when; so it can be no-

F 3

thing

thing but the beast's heart I bought this morning to stuff and eat with sweet sauce for a hare. Lord have mercy on us! says she, sure they could not have the impudence to take our heart. Then addressing herself to the old chairs again, What can you have to say for yourselves, you wicked wretches? speak, or your master will make you. Don't you, John Coachman, stand rear'd in the corner there, with that impudent face of yours, (for I see you plain enough) and not give a civil answer when you are order'd. Now this John the coachman happened to be a white plate rear'd upright on a shelf in the corner: plates don't use to give people an answer, unless you touch 'em a little roughly; no answer therefore came. On which the old lady's passion got the better of

of her reason, she whip'd up the spit, beast's heart and all, and directing the point at John's face, You insolent rascal, says she, if you don't speak I'll run this down your throat. The spit was longer than the old lady suspected, for the words were scarce out of her mouth, before the coachman's head came tumbling off the shelf, and gave her an answer in the sound of a broken plate; nay in the most melancholy sound, for by the tone she was sensible it was shattered into so many pieces it could never be mended. This fir'd the blood of Georgee, and high time it was, for he had just found out he was in his shirt, and was beginning to shiver with cold; in his passion he ran up to seize some of them; unluckily the footman's great coat was hung up to dry on a hook

at the bottom of the plate-case, Georgee's evil genius directed his hand plump against the coat; in an instant he seized it, and resolving to drag the culprit into open day-light, or fire-light, call it which you please, he gave such a pluck, that away came the coat and plate-case into the bargain. Fifty men hammering all at once on Calvert's great copper could not make half the noise that this tumbleation did. The old lady had a fine stock of pewter, which had descended in a direct line from mother to daughter for four successive generations, and cut a shining figure on the three upper stories of the plate-case; but one row of Dutch delph-ware, which grac'd the centre shelf, with another of yellow porringers and brown pudding-pans under it,

it, helped to enliven the concert amazingly : the sonorous sharp jingle of the pewter, joined to the flat crash of the earthen-ware, made so complete a discord, that had Handel heard it, notwithstanding his great taste for noise, it would have loosened all the teeth in his head. What followed, courteous reader, I must leave to your imagination to supply, because the apprentice finding the comedy rather exceed his expectation, thought proper to decamp, which he nimbly did; and retiring to his own room, stripped himself in an instant, then ran down in his shirt, with his hair standing on end, to enquire who made that horrible clatteration. All the way he ran down stairs I heard him bawl out lustily, Fire, fire, thieves, fire ! This soon brought the rest of
the

the family out of their garrets, for I quickly heard them paddle down stairs in their stocking feet. But being left in this young Pickle's waistcoat pocket, I am, against my will, obliged to leave the tale unfinished : however, as far as I saw and heard, it pleased me much ; if it doth not happen to do the same by my readers, it will plainly appear that we are of different ways of thinking, which, in the main, is no uncommon thing ; for authors often fancy themselves clever fellows, when their readers not only think, but are quite sure, they are very dull dogs.

What was the consequence of the broom-roasting I never could learn, because young Hopeful paid me by eight o'clock in the morning to a shop-

shop-keeper, who sent me that post up to a hop-merchant in the Borough.

CHAP. VIII.

A Word to the Wise.

I CANNOT help thinking that most of the quarrels and heart-burnings that separate those who would else have been very good friends, arose at first from some misapprehension of each others meaning; a tart word often comes in answer to something that was meant rather well than ill: on which the first speaker grows so angry at being misunderstood, that he scorns to come to an explanation with a passionate fool, as he naturally thinks his opponent must be, so returns the angry word in kind; and from thence they

they work it up to a downright quarrel, which often lasts their lives. I was led into this reflection by falling into the hands of the honest hop-factor, and to whom I was sent out of the country: he had contracted a very great intimacy with a worthy pickle-merchant in the city, on the very plan which would have set twenty wrong-headed fools by the ears together; but I'll tell you the story.

You must know that the pickle-merchant is a little weezle-fac'd fellow, whose nose covers three parts of his face; mountains upon mountains of large warts grew upon it. Now the hop-merchant is a squat little fellow, whose belly juts out so far before him, that he has not seen his — knees, unless in a looking-glass,
these

these seven years. It happened these two figures met one morning in the narrowest part of Bell-alley : the hop-factor, who is a funney fellow, spy'd the nose directly ; on which he kept walking up full in the centre of the alley, but stopped suddenly short when he came within three foot of the nose, seeming rather distress'd. Pray what's the matter, Sir ? says Mr. Pickle. I am afraid I can't get by your nose, answers the hop-merchant. On which Pickle, who neither wanted sense nor good nature, replies very drolly, Don't let that distress you, because I'll make your guts all the room I can ; so taking his nose in his hand, very archly held it on one side. As they pass'd each other, they both burst out a laughing ; on which the hop merchant turned about, and said

to

to Pickle, Sir, I am sure a man of your good nature must be an agreeable companion; I live in *** street in the city, and if you will do me the favour to take a dinner with me whenever your occasions call you that way, you will lay an obligation on me. Sir, says Pickle, you have been before-hand with me in the very words I was going to say; I live in *** street in the Borough, and shall esteem it a happiness to have your company. In short, they agreed to eat a beef-stake together that very day; which they did, and from thence commenced a friendship that has been reciprocally useful to each other ever since; and their intimacy at present is so great, that almost every fine evening in summer-time you'll meet Nose and Guts taking a walk together

ther to Johnney Grott's House, in
St. George's-fields, to drink Burton
ale.

Attend to this story, O ye wrang-
ling snap-short fellows, and don't be
eternally seeking for opportunities
to make both yourselves and all a-
bout you uneasy, because your share
of good nature only exactly balances
your share of sense, and Providence
has dealt out both to you with a
sparing hand.

CHAP.

C H A P. IX.

Dancing-masters teach grown Gentlemen in the Country.

THE hop-factor paid me to a lady, who had fitted up a very pretty house in a noted market-town in the North, and was going down to retire from the hurry of London: the rattling of coaches, and the smoak of the sea-coal in the day-time, and the cries of fire, thieves, and murder in the night, growing rather troublesome to her. With this good old lady I travelled in a post-chaise once more into the country. Mrs. Hobson, for that was her name, had a North-country couzen that lived within eight miles of her house, whose name was Dobson.

About

About a week after the old lady was settled, the footman acquainted her that her cousin Dobson was come to see her. The old lady had got a little cold in her journey, which brought on rheumatick pains to such a degree, that she was rather confined to her chair, but desired her cousin Dobson to walk in. We heard a bustling in the hall, and it was cousin Dobson pulling off her safe, or safe-guard, (as they call it in the country) which was an outward petticoat to protect her program riding-habit from the sweat of her horse: she then came in, and saluting her London cousin, says, I have brought my two lads, Tommy and Dickey, to see you: then return'd to the door, and call'd out, Come in Tommy, come in Dickey.

I hope it will give no offence, if I stop here to ask my reader a simple question.

Don't you at this instant expect to see two little boys come in, one in frocks and the other just got into breeches?

Both Mrs. Hobson and I did, I assure you ; instead of which in came Tommy, the eldest, a youth about nineteen years old, and full six foot and an inch high : he had a pair of boots on that fitted his leg like a stocking, with spurs whose necks were at least five inches long. In attempting to make one of his best bows, he seemed to throw his head in his cousin's face, and at the same time sent one of his legs quite out of the door
into

into the hall; the door was luckily open, else I think he would have split one of the pannels. His mama then bid him salute his cousin, and immediately called out, Dickey, where are you? In came Dickey, who was a year younger than his brother, but an inch taller. The mother unfortunately bid him shut the door before he made his bow: he then began to shew his breeding, and shot his head forward, and his leg backward, with as genteel an air as Tommy had done before him; when lo! the long-neck'd spur belonging to his kick-up leg seizing hold of the tapestry, brought poor Dickey headlong on the floor. The mother, with the same accent you would speak to a child of about three years old, cries, Get up Dickey, thou hast not hurt thyself. Dickey was glad to hear that, for as

he fell with such a whack he could not be certain whether he was hurt or not, till his mammey told him he was not; and he was so good a boy, that whatever his mother said to him passed for gospel. At last they all got seated, and sat staring at each other for near five minutes, when luckily in came the footman with each a glass of wine and a slice of cake. This set all their chaps a-wagging for five minutes more; when cousin Dobson thinking she must say something, begins thus: Did you ever see my Tommy and Dickey dance cousin? No Madam, says Mrs. Hobson, I never had the pleasure of seeing them before. Then, says cousin Dobson, you shall see 'em directly; they have cost me a shilling a week a-piece for almost a whole year, so they dance charm-

charmingly now. Get up Dickey ;
get up Tommy.

The famous queen Elizabeth, of
bullying memory, never maintained
more absolute sway over her sneaking
courtiers, than cousin Dobson did
over Dickey and Tommy ; up they
both got, and the mother fell to sing-
ing a hornpipe. On which Tommy
and Dickey began to sprawl their legs
about in such a manner, as would
have made a carrier's horse laugh,
tho' he had a double load on his back :
but for fear the long-neck'd spurs
should disconcert the boots, neither
of them durst let his legs come with-
in two foot of each other ; this, join-
ed to the mother's crying every now
and then, Side it, Tommy, side it ;
foot it, Dickey, foot it ; set cousin

Hobson in such a fit of laughing, that she slid down from her chair upon the carpet. Cousin Dobson, who always did a thing first, and afterwards considered whether it was proper or not, remembered she saw a pail of water as she came through the court, thinking the old lady was fallen into a fit ; away she ran and brought in the whole pail full, a fourth part of which she threw in the old woman's face, and almost drowned her : this effectually cured both her laughing fit and her rheumatism, for she started up as nimbly as a girl of fifteen, and running to her room, stripped off her cloaths from top to bottom directly. Unluckily her very pocket, and the out-side of the pocket-book wherein I lay, were wet, which made her think my habitation

too damp for her dry pocket ; so she locked me up in the dressing-table drawer, by which accident I was deprived of the pleasure of hearing what kind of an apology Dickey and Tommy and the mother had prepar'd for cousin Hobson : but I have a notion she found the mother singing, and Dickey and Tommy footing and side-ing, and sprawling their legs about just as she left them. But though I staid two days longer with cousin Hobson, I never could learn how the affair ended ; and I have too much regard for my character, as a writer of veracity, to put down any thing but what I was an eye-witness to.

CHAP. X.

Great doings in the days of yore.

COUSIN Hobson paid me to a tradesman, who sent me up by post to an honest pains-taking young man, that sold small wares, &c. in a shed, called a shop : his name was Neddy. I am particular in my description of my friend Neddy, because they say he shines as a common-councilman now, and by his industry bids fair to arrive to the highest honour a citizen can attain. Neddy, to save the expence of hiring a room, lay in a truckle-bed, in the corner of a garret, occupied by his grand-mother ; and they club'd share and share alike for coals, rent, candles, and small-beer. Neddy, says she, as they were
 chat-

chatting one night over about two spoonfuls of fire, your lord mayors are nought now to what they were in my poor mother's days : they were something like men at that time of day, and had not such heavy heads as to want six horses to pull them along : they had good legs, and could walk where they wanted to go in half the time that is now spent in dressing their horses up in ribbons. I remember a story my grand-mother has told me over and over again ; it was a little before the great Whittington, that sold his cat for so much money, was first time lord mayor, and he was three times lord mayor, all the bells in London can tell you ; so, as I was saying, this same lord mayor being inform'd that things were going badly at court, what does he but he puts
on

on his boots, for at that time it was splashing work to get from London to St. James's, and horses used to wade belly-deep along the Strand; so he walked away, but not with one paunch-gutted fellow waddling before him to carry his sword, and another his mace, for he carried 'em both himself, and looked like a lord mayor; so when he came to the king, the king look'd upon him as somebody, for as soon as he saw him, with a gracious smile he said, Mr. Mayor, your servant, (I am not sure if he did not say, your humble servant) what's the best news in the city? May it please your majesty's worship, says my lord mayor, (for they could speak at that time of day with very good irreverence) they say you have gotten a pack of d—d rogues about you, and have sent me
to

to tell your majesty to look out sharp; for the best men in the city have been before now ruin'd by rogues: so I'm come to give you warning to clear your house on 'em. Upon which the king shook him by the hand, and said, Mr. my Lord Mayor, I am very much obliged to you and the city for looking out so sharp; my gang shall be overhawl'd, and you may depend upon't all the rogues shall go to pot: pray give my kind love and service to my good friends in the city, and tell 'em so. He then order'd a bumper of sack for my lord mayor, and sent him about his business very well contented, but he did not make him a knight; there was none of your wishey-washey, no-gentleman knights in them days. Now that was, d'ye see, Neddy, a king like a king, and
a lord

a lord mayor like a lord mayor; we have no such lord mayors, adds the old woman, now-a-days. No nor kings neither, says Neddy: but do you remember what king it was, grand-mother, that I may talk on him at our club. Remember! says the old lady, aye as well as I do my Lord's Prayer; it was either king John or queen Elizabeth, I am not very sure which, but one of them it was you may depend on't Neddy. It is not so long since Whittington was lord mayor of London; several folks can remember something on't, as well as me: and now, on second thoughts, I remember it was queen Elizabeth. But, Neddy, adds the old gentlewoman, you begin to get a bit beforehand in the world now, and must soon be a common-councilman. Yes, I expect

expect so, grand-mother, says Neddy, and what then? Then I would not have you stir a step without my advice; you know I brought you up from a child, and teach'd you your Lord's Prayer, and your Ten Commandments, and your I believe in God; you know you would have been a heathen, but for me, Neddy. To be sure I should, grand-mother, says Neddy. Then don't stir a step, I say again, without my advice. No, I promise you I wo'n't, grand mother, says Neddy. Upon which he got up, and opening a great oak chest, which contained a spare shirt for himself, and a spare shift for his grand-mother, besides old pettycoats, breeches, stockings, and even old shoes without count, from a corner he drew a dirty stocking foot, which contained about
thirty

thirty or forty guineas, into the centre of which he rammed me, with as little mercy as if my sides had been made of oak ; then hiding his sweaty purse amongst the old shoes, as a place where rogues would never look for money, he put down the lid, and twang went the lock : this quite deprived me of the pleasure of hearing any more conversation between this dutiful grand-son and his very sensible grand-mammey ; but as he is now a common councilman, and has distinguished himself notably on two or three occasions, I don't doubt but the old gentlewoman is alive yet, and assists him with her good advice.

C H A P. XI.

A city bargain.

I WAS left to my meditations in the oak chest, in rather a more uncomfortable situation than when I was almost poisoned with the fumes of Scotch snuff and green wax; for here, besides the comfortable smell of our habitation, the stocking foot, being porous, let in the additional fumes of the greasy breeches, and old shoes that in their time had been well soak'd in stinking oil; Sir John Falstaff's situation in the buck-basket must be a paradise compared with mine. How I bore it I cannot tell, but people seldom know what they can bear till they are try'd, especially the fair sex. As much as I had reason
son

son to hate Scotch snuff, I would now
 have given the world for a pinch.
 Luckily for me, I had not lain in this
 most uncomfortable situation above
 three days, when an accident released
 me. Honest Neddy, whose grand-
 mother had so carefully taught him
 his I believe in God, having found
 out that a young man in the same
 business wanted money, not to pay
 his creditors, but to run away with,
 very conscientiously agreed to give
 him fifty pounds, ready money, for
 as many goods as were charged at
 one hundred and fifty prime cost ;
 but Neddy, though a man of fair
 character, looks upon it, that in the
 way of business a bargain's a bargain,
 and the hardest is always to fend off,
 as the sailors say. Away came the
 goods to Neddy's cock-loft, and out
 came

came I and my hard-edg'd companions, from whom I was separated, to the no small comfort of both my back and sides ; nor did I, you may be sure, much regret the loss of my habitation ; I mean the stocking-foot which Neddy lock'd carefully up to be ready to receive the next harvest. My new master carried me off directly, because he had a Jew waiting for him to take the remainder of his goods ; but at rather a higher premium than Neddy's, for the Jew had never been taught his *I believe in God*, and therefore had the unchristian way of thinking, that three hundred per cent. was profit little enough for laying out ready money : whereas honest Neddy, like a good church-going citizen, thought two hundred enough of all conscience. After the

shop, by the help of Jew and Gentile, was quite clear'd, and nothing but empty shelves left, away went the Jew to eat a pork-griskin that he had bespoke when he first made the bargain with the shop-keeper, for he always indulged with pork when he had a lucky hit; and away went the shop-keeper to take a place in the Dover stage, with intent to go and turn the penny amongst the smugglers in France, having been told they were a set of very honourable gentlemen, and were always glad of such good company as his. Well, a vacant place he found; for Providence, who, for reasons unknown to us, often seems to assist high rogues, does the very same, and perhaps for the same reasons, to low rogues; therefore Providence had kept a place vacant for

for him. He soon came back to pack up his cloaths, and take a little rest upon the facking of his turn-up bed, for the feather-bed, quilt, and blankets a hump-back'd fellow, from Broker's-alley, had carried off, and with more conscience than either the Jew or the Gentile, for he had given three quarters their real value for them; but that did not hinder the shop-keeper from wrapping himself up in his great coat, and laying down to take a nap on the facking; where we shall leave him till the next chapter.

C H A P. XII.

French Modesty.

A FRENCH hair-dresser, who did ladies the honour to dress their hair almost as well for five shillings as several Englishmen both could and would do for one, used to divert himself once a week at what some people called a hop; but by the barber's and blacksmith's sons and daughters, who frequented it, 'twas yclip'd a ball. Here Monsieur was the master of the ceremonies, and in short the best bred gentleman in the company. I believe this humble set did not soar so high as to obtain Grocer's-hall, or Joiner's-hall, or even Fishmonger's-hall, for their place of rendezvous;

nor

nor am I sure they had the convenient long low room at the Robin Hood ; but if it was not that, it was just such another : and be assured, gentle reader, a room they had, which, though perhaps not high enough to cut capers, was yet wide enough to waddle a minuet in. And here our Friseur, though he never was taught a step, shone with uncommon lustre ; for the French are born dancers, or surgeons, or physicians, or any trade they please to take up in England ; and go about it with such an easy uncommon assurance, that the English, not thinking it possible the impudence of the most ignorant creatures on earth could carry them to such a pitch, believe, against the evidence of their own senses, that they must certainly have been trained up to the

business they so coolly profess; but all Englishmen that think so, are as wide of the mark as my lord *** was, when he married Miss *** for a virgin, for fame says he found her very *wide* of his expectations. To shew I have reason for this account I give of the modesty of the French gentry, I shall tell a story I heard whilst I was in the pocket of a real worthy apothecary, who lived in a market-town near two hundred miles distance from London. As he was taking a walk with a friend one day, they met the most shambling ill-made fellow that mortal eyes ever beheld: his knees were so loving, that when he walked nothing could hinder them from rubbing against each other every step he took; and when he stood still, no two lovers could press closer together:

ther : but, to make amends, his two splay feet seldom approach'd within three quarters of a yard of each other. The back that these strange supporters conveyed from place to place was out of proportion, too long, and grew so taper towards his hips, which were very prominent, that it made him have the appearance of a spider walking upright on two legs. To add to all this, his chin was so long, that full three quarters of his face was really below his nose ; and he squinted so abominably, that, instead of nine, he looked nineteen ways at once : but the figure was dressed neat and clean, cock'd its hat with a pinch, and seemed extremely well pleased with itself. In the name of all that's ridiculous ! says the apothecary's friend, what can that be ; or for

what use could the thing be made? Made! says the apothecary dryly, made for any thing; and he can turn his hand to any thing. That he may perhaps, says the friend; but what will he turn his feet to? To any thing, replies the apothecary, for he has already turn'd 'em to the very trade you would have thought nature had absolutely forbid him ever to think on; in short, not to keep you in suspense, he is a dancing-master: How he became one I'll tell you. Know then, that this bundle of strange machinery, whose heart is lighter than a piece of cork not the twentieth part of its size, is a Frenchman: he was taken in a privateer, where he had entered himself as clerk, steward, and surgeon, at the princely wages of about twelve shillings and six-

six-pence English per month: he
 and his companions were kept pri-
 soners in this place three quarters of
 a year, before there was an opportu-
 nity of their being exchanged. Now
 these poor devils lived so much better
 upon the English allowance, than
 they did either in their own country
 or on board their ship, that this piece
 of wood and wire did not care to go
 home again, to live upon soup-
 meagre, frog-spawn, and spider's-
 eggs; but although he had been
 brought up to no earthly thing, be-
 sides carrying a flambeau, flourishing
 a blacking-brush, or tickling the bot-
 tom of a kennel with a short broom,
 to find old iron and rusty pins, from
 which occupation he was taken to
 brandish a pestle for an apothecary,
 which gave him a title to enter him-
 self

self surgeon on board the privateer, he was resolved to get his living as a surgeon in England: accordingly he hired a room, and clapping a sounding name, that he has as much title to as I have to be secretary of state, over his door, to which he added the word surgeon, you'd be surprized what numbers of poor people flock'd to him for advice, because he was a foreigner. I had cur'd him of a hurt upon his finger when he was a prisoner, in return for which he desired the honour of teaching my daughter French; but she soon found, though her master's pronounciation was very true, yet he could hardly read: however, this brought us so well acquainted, that he came to consult me about his patients. I was so pleas'd with the man's sincerity in so freely own-
 ing

ing his ignorance, that I furnish'd him with falves and eye-water, and my advice into the bargain; but in a few months the novelty of his name wearing off, he found his patients dwindle, and therefore he began to think of some other trade. The most unlikely business in the world for him, I judg'd was to be a dancing-master, and therefore in a joke said, I thought he would make a very good one. You would be surprized in what an attitude the mishapen mortal at that instant threw himself; he walked a minuet over the floor with the air of a good dancer, burlesquing a bad one; but it was the poor fellow's very best: when he ask'd me, how I lik'd his dancing? I unluckily told him, I never was so pleas'd in my life. Upon which he went directly, and taking

taking the word surgeon from under his name, put dancing-master in its place, and has ever since liv'd comfortably by teaching the children of people, that never have an opportunity of bringing their girls into publick, and therefore never know that they have paid their money for nothing. I don't tell the story of this modest Frenchman with intent to prejudice the poor fellow in his business, but to shew how natural it is for a Frenchman, when he is in England, to fancy himself in a crowd of idiots,

C H A P. XIII.

Fear the only manufacturer of ghosts.

BY my shop-keeper's not appearing in the last chapter, the reader has reason to fancy he is lost, or has taken a longer nap than at first was intended; but no such thing, I assure you, for his nap was but a short one: he was afraid of missing the coach, so got up an hour too soon, and with his portmanteau on his shoulder sallied forth to reach the Golden Cross, at Charing Cross. To get into the Strand he was obliged to go through a blind alley, that had but one lamp belonging to it, and that very near expiring; just as he enter'd he spy'd something white gliding thro' the air, without any thing visible to

support it: conscience, which will accompany rogues in spite of their teeth, struck him both motionless and speechless; he stood stuck like an image against the wall, and saw the spectre advance towards him, without having power to run away, which he thrice attempted, but his legs refused to carry him: at last, when the phantom was advanced so near that he thought it was going to seize him, he made a grand effort to stir, and down he tumbled upon his portmanteau; the spectre was then so nigh, that he could not stop himself, so tumbled over 'em both. The shop-keeper was so frighten'd, that he roar'd, in the true English stile, Murder, fire, Lord have mercy on us! The spectre, in a shriller note, cry'd, Morbleu, diable! vat is de maatar. Then endeavouring

ing to rise, in his hurry he set one foot on the shop-keeper's guts, who, not liking to have his belly made a carpet to be trampled on, seized the ghost by the leg, and brought that white part, which prov'd to be his head, slap into his own face; by which means he got his eyes filled full of powder, and his nose beat almost flat. But before I proceed any further, it is necessary my reader should know that this ghost, or spectre, or phantom, or whatever you please to call it, was neither more nor less than the individual French Friar I gave an account of a chapter or two ago. This gentleman, it being Lent, was drest in black from his shoulders to his heels, but his head was as white as a lilly, and his fore-top friz'd six inches high. To save
coach-

coach-hire, he was stealing on foot from the ball to his lodgings, a garret at the end of this alley ; but could not find in his heart to discompose his hair by putting his hat on, so carried it under his arm. You won't wonder then, that in the gloom of the morning, when most of the lamps were out, that his white scull was the most conspicuous part about him, which it really was, to the great terror of our shop-keeper ; who was so frightened, that had he not trodden on his guts, he would have lain very quiet till the hair-dresser had got not only home, but into bed : but this abominable knock over his nose, which, by the quantity of powder thrown into his eyes, he thought had been done with a hard-nob'd powder-puff, roused his choler so much, that he

roar'd

roar'd stoutly for help ; at the same
 time seizing the supposed powder-
 puff with both hands, he brought half
 the Frenchman's hair off at one
 pluck. It was now Monsieur's turn
 to roar, which he did lustily ; crying,
 Vatch, vatch, vatch, murder, vatch !
 It happened there was a watchman's
 box within twenty yards of the place
 where these two heroes were laid
 sprawling, but the watchman, being
 a quiet man, and a sound sleeper, did
 not, or at least would not, hear any
 thing of the matter : by good luck
 for the hair-dresser, who else would
 not have had a hair left on his head
 to dress, a gentleman by accident
 came by, who seizing the watchman's
 lanthorn ran up to see what was the
 matter. On which the shop-keeper
 quitted his hold, and both he and

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Monsieur recovered their legs : but when the gentleman held up his lanthorn to take a view of their phizes, never did man shew such signs of astonishment. The watchman had boldly followed his lanthorn, but the moment he saw the two figures his upper and under jaw fell to dancing, whilst his teeth play'd Nancy Dawson's jig. As for the shop-keeper he beat the ghost of Banquo a bar length, for he had twice as much powder on his face, and three times as much blood on his shirt. As to the Friseur, the pound of powder, which he with so much care had stuck into his mop, was not all wasted on the shop-keeper's face, but the better half had dispers'd itself all over his black coat : and his hair, it stood as erect as poor Joseph's did, when Potiphar's wife

fright-

frightened him out of his wits, by threatening to get his maidenhead. To add to his rueful appearance, the shop-keeper's nose had painted his face all over with blood, so that which was the murderer, and which the murder-
 eree, the gentleman could form no judgment; and the watchman, if ever he had any senses, (which is a thing much to be question'd) was now entirely deprived of them. At last the gentleman, who was a droll fish, gravely ask'd the Frenchman, if he was the man that was murder'd; for as they both call'd out murder, it was proper he should know which was the dead man, and which the murderer. Monsieur said, it was not him dat was kilt, he tank'd God and de gentleome for coming to safe is life; but dat orrable looking fellow add kilt

von man, and was going to murder him likewise. How, says the gentleman; where is the dead man? Dare, dare, says the Frenchman, pointing to the portmanteau, which he had taken for the body of a dead man when he first tumbled over it, but durst not turn his eyes that way on any account. Dare, dare, says the gentleman, why that dead man has never a head on. May be not, says the Frenchman, dat grand teuf vas cutting it off on de ground ven I did fall over im; look all de blut is upon his face and shirt. Not all the blood, says the gentleman, for you have got your share. The shop-keeper by this time finding his tremendous ghost to be neither more nor less than a jabbering Frenchman, began to take heart, and give mouth, (as the sports-

men

men say by their hounds). Blast your day-lights, says he, you jam footering French son of a bitch, you threw your powder-puff-nob in my face on purpose to blind me, that you might run away with my portmanteau. Jesu Maria ! says the Frenchman, if dare is any faith in a good Catolic, he vas upon the dead bodee ven I did fall over him. What dead body, says the shop-keeper, you spawn of a French pimp? I'll knock your teeth down your throat, if you call my portmanteau a dead body. Saying this, he stoop'd down, and taking up his portmanteau threw it over his shoulder and walk'd off, fearing to be too late for the coach. What became of the hair-dresser you can't expect I should tell you, because I went off with my new master, who came up

to the coach just as the coachman had said gee-hi, and was going to crack his whip. In an instant the portmanteau was ram'd into the boot, and my master into the coach, between two of the fattest women all London and Westminster could have produced. They were both dealers in lace, and were going to take their annual jaunt to France. The shop-keeper, what with his hasty walk, and his warm situation, began to wax so hot, that it set his nose a-bleeding afresh; which he mistaking for sweat, rub'd every now and then all over his face; by which means he clapt one coat of blood upon another, till an intire bloody crust covered his whole visage. When the coach stoped at the inn where breakfast was prepared, the ostler brought out the
land-

landing-steps, as I call 'em, though here there was no great occasion for 'em, because this coach did not hang above six feet from the ground; however, as the ostler brought the steps, one of the fat ladies, that went out first, rather chose to make use of them than take so small a leap to the ground. The chamber-maid, whose eyes were always looking for females, flew to give assistance the moment she saw a woman's cap peep out of the coach-door, and had gotten the fat gentlewoman safely down five of the eight steps, when the shop-keeper, wanting a mouthful of cool air, was hurrying out too soon after his fat companion; the girl unfortunately casting her eyes on his tremendous phiz, was so surprized, that she lost all power of assisting the good lady,

who by that means tumbled headlong from the last three steps, but by great luck broke her fall by carrying the chamber-maid along with her; but both of them having pretty shrill pipes, they set up such a squall, that the horses started off a-fresh, and, before the shop-keeper had reach'd the third step from the top, over-set the landing-machine, and sent him headforemost upon the two women. For what use Fortune may reserve this man I can't tell, because we parted soon after, but here she proved his very good friend again, for his head came plump upon a pair of the broadest buttocks that ever moved under a flannel petticoat; this redoubled the squalls of the lace-woman and chamber-maid, which, join'd to the coachmen and ostler, and all the remaining

pas-

passengers in the coach, crying out
 word to the horses, made the most un-
 common concert that ever mortal
 heard. The horses were soon stop'd ;
 they, poor creatures, had no great
 letch for running, but were, like the
 king of France, some way or other
 surprized into the few wrong steps
 they had taken. The two women
 still kept squalling, as if it had been
 for a wager ; the chamber-maid, be-
 cause the old woman's belly, which
 lay a cross her breast, almost squeez-
 ed all the wind out of her body ;
 and the lace-woman squall'd, because
 she had reason to think the shop-
 keeper's head had pounded one of
 her buttocks into a jelly : as for him,
 he had recovered his legs, and was
 carefully feeling whether he had broke
 his neck or not, without minding
 either

either the women or the horses. The landlord and his lady, being alarmed with the noise, came running out, and with much difficulty had gotten the lace-woman pull'd off the chamber-maid, when spying the shop-keeper's scarlet face, they were within an ace of letting her tumble again. The other passengers by this time had gotten safely landed, and all together walked lovingly into the breakfast-room: but whilst tea was pouring out, they all seem'd desirous to hear the adventures of the knight of the bloody countenance. He seem'd pretty much embarras'd at the request; but the maid bringing him in a bason of water and a towel, reliev'd him from his anxiety, and he promis'd to give them the whole history of his adventures as they travelled the next stage:

stage : how he acquitted himself I am sorry I cannot give you an account, because understanding from his companions that bank-notes must be paid to loss in France, he got the landlord to change me for cash, by which means I miss'd seeing Canterbury-church and Dover-cliff, and was disappointed in my expectation of crossing the British channel; but, on second thoughts, I am very glad I was disappointed, for I should have given a very poor account of France after Tristram Shandy.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIV.

Sing Tan-ta-ra-ra-ra Rogues all.

AS my landlord did not design to keep me long, he just thrust me carelessly into his waistcoat-pocket, and he and his wife sat down to breakfast; they drank each a dish of tea without speaking a word, as several married couples may have done before for aught I know: at last the wife began thus; my Dear, says she, Sir Harry will be here to-night, what must I do? Do? says the husband, why let him; he can't eat you. Lord, my Dear, says she, you don't consider it will be making a whore of me, and a cuckold of you; and what signifies that, says he; some of the

the greatest folks in the land are whores and cuckolds, and no body thinks the worse on 'em for it; besides, no body can read it in our faces, and we shall hardly tell 'em, and your secret need never be betray'd; for a woman that is not afraid of her husband, has no occasion to trust rascally servants; it is those rogues and bitches that always blab secrets, and blast honest people's characters; but they'll never suspect anything of that game, when I keep going and coming constantly backward and forward: but mind he puts the main article into your hand, I mean the hundred pieces, before you let him touch a hair of your head. That I shall, says the good wife, for nothing but your interest should have made me consent to any such thing: but

but I declare I don't know how to go about it. You go about it, you fool ! says the husband, you have nothing to do but take the money, and let him go about it. I am thinking what a deal of money we might have been worth, if you had begun to make the most of your talent two years since ; but all in good time : now there's my old lord ***, that travels this way once a week only to make you dine with him, I am much mistaken if he wo'n't come down five hundred. Lord, dearee, says the wife, I would not let him touch me for five thousand, he always puts me in mind of a baboon. Pho ! you are a fool, says the husband, do you get the five hundred, and I'll repair all the damages he does you for five-pence, and get a groat clear profit. Ouns,
thinks

thinks I, if this fellow had been a m—— of p——, how unlucky it would have happened for the nation; he would not only have sold his wife and children to the first bidder, but his country into the bargain; but Providence, ever watchful for the good of this murmuring nation, has taken care to keep all such sad fellows, whether qualified or unqualified, out of that most respectable gang. I think I never heard of any man in that society that sold his wife for less than a place or a pension; and I hope, for the credit of the whole set, that they will always have spirit enough to keep up the price. But to return to my tale. You repair my damages, says the wife; how do you know what damage he might do me? have not you often said I was such a poor

poor tender puny thing, you could shake me to pieces. So I could at first, says the husband; but you kept growing better and better, and I worse and worse, till at last it was I that got shak'd to pieces, instead of you; therefore I say give yourself no trouble or concern about being shak'd to pieces, because I'll set you together again in the twinkling of a cobbler's paring-knife. At these words he gave his greasy mouth a side wipe with the corner of the table-cloth, and walk'd into the stable, to take a view of his post-chaise tits. Whilst he was standing in the stable, I heard him say to the ostler, This is a d—d washey horse Samuel, he'll never be worth his meat to us; can't you get Sir Humphrey's coachman to tell his master their little bald nagg is quite worn

worn out, this horse matches better with his companion than Ball himself does; and whatever he gets me to boot, he shall have half. To boot, Sir! says the ostler; why Ball is worth twenty pounds more than this horse. No matter for that, says the master, if Sir Humphrey doth not pay money to boots, he'll never fancy he gets a good horse; and there is not, for that matter, a better holiday gelding in the kingdom than this nagg of mine: let him but stand idle in the stable, no horse eats his corn with a better stomach, or carries a brighter skin; so in the main, Sir Humphrey will be no loser, for his horses have many an idle day, and I shall be a small gainer. Thinks I, I am fallen into the hands of a curious fellow here; I shall be glad of a longer

acquaintance with him; but I was doom'd never to stay long where I was well entertained.

From the stables the landlord took a walk through the town towards a paddock he had, where two or three founder'd horses were put to cool their feet, and by the help of spring-grass get a little flesh on their backs, and so be ready to bite the first ignorant chapman that offer'd at any of the neighbouring fairs. In his way the tallow-chandler of the town join'd him, and ask'd him if he knew of a quiet horse to carry his candle-baskets about the country? I am just going, says the honest landlord, to see a favourite horse I have in my paddock; he is too good for a post-chaise: I therefore turn'd him out to

rest a month or two; and then, after a fortnight's good grass has put a little flesh on his back, he'll be honestly worth five and twenty pounds; but if he suits you, neighbour, I'll let you have him a pennyworth: fifteen pounds is his price, no body else shall have him under twenty. The tallow-chandler, who did not understand horses so well as he did mixing tallow and grease together, lik'd the horse very well. The landlord knowing the excise-day for paying duty for candles was coming on, artfully told the refiner of kitchen-stuff, that, as candles were better for keeping, he would not only take the price of the horse in candles, but lay out twenty pounds more, and instantly pull'd me out of his waistcoat-pocket. The melter of tallow could not resist the

temptation ; so the bargain was instantly struck, and ninety dozen of candles, that I calculated to be honestly worth thirty-five pounds, went for me, and a horse worth about fifty shillings. I could not help saying, as I was passing out of my landlord's hands into the tallow-chandler's, farewell, honest landlord ; but I hope still, for the good of my country, you will never be a member of either house : what dreadful work would it make, if one rogue of my landlord's capacity was to squeeze himself in there?

You cannot conceive how much I was vexed to see this honest candle-wick-twister so abominably bit ; thinks I to myself, how many dips must he take amongst his stinking tallow before

fore he can make up this loss? I really was uneasy, and wished I could speak to tell him what a rogue his very good friend and neighbour the landlord was: but Lord help my poor head, I quickly found out that I was but very young in the world; for the moment he came home, the wife accosted him with, Well, husband, I am glad you have got rid of them candles at last; but did you tell neighbour Double-chalk to put them in a cool place, now the summer is coming on, else in hot weather they'll all run away and save the trouble of burning them? I tell him? says the tallow-chandler, he never told me that his horse was founder'd. I guess'd it could not be worth above seven, when he ask'd fifteen pounds, and provided accordingly: but our black-smith says that

he is scarce worth three pounds ; and, if that's the case, I sha'n't be any great gainer at last. Never mind, says the wife, he has gotten that plaguy parcel of candles that have laid heavy on my mind these three months. I wonder what the duke of —'s cook means by sending us such kitchen-stuff: he us'd to be worth dealing with when above half of it was the inside of sirloins and large lumps of butter ; but this last parcel was nothing but downright drippings, skimmings of the pot, goose-rumps and aprons, and fat mutton-flaps. Formerly he would not let the butcher take an ounce of suet either out of a loin of beef or mutton, but now I am afraid he has found a better market for those articles ; if the next parcel proves as bad, I shall tell him

he

he may seek a better market for his rumps and aprons ; but howsomever this bank-note licks us whole, should the horse prove only worth his shoes and skin. Saying this she rammed me into her greasy bosom. I don't call it so as if the poor lady was naturally greasy, but continually handling candles, and then hastily rubbing her bosom when a flea happened to bite, filled her pores so full of tallow, that there was no more difference in smell between her and a tallow candle, than between a four in the pound and a make-weight. Whether I began to grow old, or what was the matter I can't say, but I did not feel the same sensation here as with the shoemaker's young wife ; but, had it not been for my nose being so very nice, I lay as snug as in a feather-bed, for

she had put me between two bags that seem'd to be stuffed with warm custard. Madam was so elated with joy at getting quit of the duke's mutton-flap candles, that she went directly up to her closet; I thought when I heard her open a lock she might be going to deposit me in her scrutore, instead of which out came the cork of a bottle with a twang, and goggle goggle went the liquor thro' the bottle neck fortien seconds; by the smell I quickly nos'd it out to be cherry-brandy; much good may it do your heart, thought I, for you take it very kindly. After dinner she went up and repeated the dose, and then called on her next-door neighbour, the taylor's wife, to go a visiting to a laying-in woman half a mile a-cross the fields. Whether the taylor's wife had
 been

been to visit her own private bottle or not I cannot tell, but she talk'd as fast as her neighbour could for the life on her; and therefore I charitably supposed might be as well prim'd within. I thought to have edified by their discourse, but soon found it had the same effect on me as hearing a news-paper read from side to side, without paying any regard to the columns; because one moment Mrs. Stich's voice prevailed, and the next Mrs. Dip's, and upon subjects so different, that the jargon exceeded all human conception. They did not seem to expect that either of 'em should so much as listen, much less give each other an answer; but, like a larum-clock they let their tongues loose at the end of the town, and never ceas'd till they reach'd the
good

good woman's habitation. At their first entrance they were presented with each a glass of true cinnamon, after that came cake and caudle, next a dish of tea, and at parting t'other glass of cinnamon. The conversation I omit, because there was nothing particular in it; but my poor Mrs. Dip, tho' I never saw her since, I cannot help pitying the distressed situation she must be in that night, for they had not walked a hundred yards before she began to fidget about, and seem quite uneasy in her stays; whether fleas really plagu'd her, or a prickly humour in her skin, or what was the matter, I can't say; but she kept first rubbing her bosom under her handkerchief, then putting her hand into her pocket-hole, and easing her stays below her stomach, whilst I kept
falling

falling lower and lower every fresh scratch she made, until I had slid as far as the top of the store-room, where she had deposited her cherry-brandy and cinnamon-water; this jutted out from the rest of her building, and form'd a semicircle like the top of a doom clap'd against a wall. I should have lain very safe even there till madam had undress'd and gone to bed, if she had not kept fidgeting and fidgeting, and shaking her petticoats, till I reach'd the extreme point of the semicircle, where I lay in a tottering condition for five minutes at least, and at last came tumbling neck or nothing to the ground.

Although it is a truth generally admitted that twelve taylors make a dozen thieves, yet I can't see it so
ge-

generally admitted that twelve judges make half a dozen honest men. I mention this to shew you, that tho' some things are generally admitted, others are not: it is likewise a thing as generally admitted as the axiom about the taylors, that different liquors, when put into the same cask, fall to fretting before they will take a quiet nap together. I believe this might be the case with Mrs. Dip, which made her so uneasy; for tho' the cherry-brandy and cinnamon-water, as being cousin germans, might make a shift to agree pretty well, yet when they came to be mixt with three parts of a quart of country ale, which I had forgot to mention, that madam swigg'd down at the ale-house about twenty yards short of the sick woman's habitation, join'd with a full quart

quart of tea after it, I am of opinion that neither of the spirited gentry lik'd their company, and were therefore squabbling which should get away first out of her store-room; and the bustling they made took up her attention so much, that she remembered me no more than if I had been the corner of an old ballad.

C H A P. XV.

Perils by Water.

MR. Dip had not gone two steps from me before she stopped, and seem'd to squat as if she wanted her eyes to be nigh the ground to look for something. I was in great hopes she had felt me sliding down, and was therefore peeping

ing about to pick me up again ; but 'twas no such thing, what excited her curiosity, as far as I could guess, was a hot spring that had suddenly issued out of the ground. I can account no otherways for an amazing quantity of warm water that came smoaking and frothing close by me, with as rapid a stream as the hot swash comes roaring from a brewer's sink ; and had I not luckily fallen on an eminence two or three inches higher than the ground about me, nothing less than the ark that preserved Noah and his wild beasts could have saved me from the fury of this amazing flood : had the inimitable Alexander Pope been an eye-witness to this rapid stream, he would from nature have pen'd a stronger description of a deluge than even that which he has so beau-

Beautifully translated from Homer,
 where the torrent rushing from the
 mountains drives men, women, cattle,
 corn-fields, houses, and even rocks,
 down the stream ; but it strikes me,
 so I cannot help giving it you in his
 own words, to shew the impudence
 of a poet that pretends to give a
 literal translation of Homer, and has
 spent this glorious torrent capable of
 doing so much mischief in washing a
 taylor's nitty pate.

Thus from high hills the torrents swift and
 strong

Deluge whole fields, and sweep the trees along,
 Thro' ruin'd moles the rushing wave resounds,
 O'erwhelms the bridge, and bursts the lofty
 bounds ;

The yellow harvests of the ripen'd year,
 And flatted vineyards, one sad waste appear !
 While Jove descends in sluicy sheets of rain,
 And all the labors of mankind are vain.

After

After this fine description, would you think it possible that a fellow who declares his is a literal translation of this divine poet, this Homer, should have spent all this shower of rain in washing the nits and lice from a lousy taylor's crown ; but you shall have his own words, to shew I don't belie him.

Thus when a hasty shower comes down
Upon a sneaking taylor's crown,
The stream a living world annoys,
And swarms of nits and lice destroys ;
Washes the lousy varlet clean,
And nits and lice have bred in vain.

By this specimen you may judge what sort of a translation this fellow has made. It must be a literal one, with a vengeance. I wish some of my classical readers would take it in a proper light, and handle the author

as he deserves, whilst I go on with my tale.

The next morning I was espy'd by a tinker and his trull, who both admir'd the softness and thinness of my skin; then carrying me to the very alehouse where poor Mrs. Dip had quench'd her thirst after her long walk, ask'd the landlord what they had pick'd up on the road.

Amongst the various qualifications necessary to form a complete statesman, presence of mind is, in my opinion the most essential; not to be disconcerted at the unexpected turns and tricks both of his own and other courts is a happiness few statesmen can arrive at; but had this landlord been prime minister instead of Sir Robert

Walpole, I am clear that all the low mean artifices of that miserable, contemptible, envious, sordid, conspicuously mean wretch, that Mr. P—— afterwards Lord B——, his low conspiracies with professed Papists, Jesuit emissaries, real Jacobite tories, and discontented whigs, nay his surprising change when he left them in the lurch, after his end was attain'd, would have made very little impression on this pot-house statesman; his presence of mind would have continued unmov'd amidst all the sham storms and tempests rais'd by this turbulent, designing, low-minded, mean, pitiful, sordid wretch. I form'd that judgment of the honest landlord by his reception of the tinker, and in the course of a week's stay with him I had reason

reason to increase my good opinion of him every moment.

On taking me out of the tinker's hand, with as serene a countenance as I have seen a judge pass sentence on a wretch not half so great a rogue as himself, he says to his wife, Lord, Nelly, this honest man has found our grocer's bill that I dropt out of my pocket last night, and has luckily saved me a journey to Rochester; so gave the good folks a tankard and a piece of bread and cheese for their trouble.

Thank you master, says the tinker.

Away goes my landlord to his bureau in the next room, and putting me safe in his pocket, brought out a

printed grocer's bill that looked as fine as any bank-note whatever ; Here, says he to his wife, (with the same countenance) is the last week's bill: I see now for both together we owe just five and forty shillings.

Thus was the poor tinker hum'd, and the honest statesman durst not so much as give him the other tankard, for fear of creating suspicion, else I have great reason to think he would have done it with all his heart.

In this pot-house statesman's pocket did I lay very quiet for a full week, where I saw deeper schemes to gain half a crown, than any courtier can form to get a cool thousand ; but the subject is too low to be intermixed with my adventures, so I shall wave it, and

and pass on to articles of more importance.

My laying snug so long in my landlord's pocket was occasioned by his looking day after day in the newspapers, to see if I was advertised and stopped at the Bank ; in that case he must have been contented with the reward : but, on the sixth day, when he saw an advertisement, Lost on the road between *** and *** a twenty pound bank-note, number forgot, he very conscientiously mark'd me down for his own, and paid me the next day to his maltman, with as honest a looking face as he had on when he bubbled the tinker.

CHAP. XVI.

Pride a troublesome Companion.

BY this maltman was I paid into the hands of a phyfician, not by way of fee, but in part of rent for his lady's jointure. This gentleman had happily made his way through the world as they call it, talk'd great, look'd big, kept the beft company, I mean what phyficians call the beft company, not the nobility ; for thefe kind of people, though they are the doctors' very humble fervant when they are fick, don't like their faces much when they are well ; but what I mean by the beft company, is thefe who roll'd in their chariots, no matter which way they came by them, or
which

which way they support them ; but the doctor's lady, being a woman of fashion, had a little sett of what they call fashionable people, whose visits, though she had degraded herself by marriage, kept up that kind of pride which she thought was proper to support her dignity, and she kept it up like a woman of true fashion in a proper medium : but when the doctor, in imitation of his lady, began to meddle with pride, as Shakespear says, he handled his bow like a cow-keeper, nothing was ever so stiff, and no mortal ever displayed it at such improper times ; in short, it was always bringing him into scrapes and mortifications ; but they did not hurt him much, because they never hit the tender place he was most afraid of, to wit, his pedigree, which he had a

great mind to forget himself; and if ever I come under his hands again, I question whether he will not poison me for speaking of it now.

But true it is (and why truth should offend I cannot see) that this great man's mamma kept a hedge alehouse in a pleasant shady lane in Kent. Who the doctor's father was, I cannot be expected to tell with certainty, because, amongst the number that strove for that honour, his mother could only give a very distant guess.

I would not have had our doctor acquainted with Mr. Foote's Cadwallader for ever so much; for as he seemed to think them very little fellows that had never a grandfather, what then must he have thought of
our

our doctor, that had never a father? but Providence spared him that mortification, and Cadwallader and he never met.

But though the doctor had ne'er a father, to his great mortification he had two uncles by the mother's side, who, like their sister, the doctor's mamma, having no great stock to begin the world with, put themselves to the first business they could lay hands on; the youngest served as journeyman several years to a pawnbroker; and when his master died, married the widow, whom he found in such good circumstances, that in about seven years time, he retired three or four miles from town, which he called the country, and kept his chariot. The doctor, who never would

would do either of his uncles the honour to know them, now condescended to visit and feel the pulse of this uncle and aunt, whenever they got a slight cold or so: but there was something so galling in his supercilious pride to the good pawnbrokers, that she could not hinder a little spite rankling in her brown bosom: for as she looked upon herself much superior to her late journeyman, the doctor's uncle, she thought she was surely as good as the doctor himself.

Now as the uncle and aunt were good patients, and always paid as handsomely for a wise look and a touch on the pulse as Mr. or Mrs. Anybody, the doctor could not avoid asking them to an entertainment which he gave twice a year, to all the

the

the upstart riders in chariots that employed him ; for his lady took great care never to mix her ancient quality-acquaintance with yesterday folks, which polite people call mushrooms.

The senior uncle, with whom this pawn-selling brother always lived in great harmony, and who maintained himself by his business, though he had little chance of rolling on wheels, had been that morning taken very ill; and the doctor, by desire of the chariot-riding brother, had been to visit him.

Now the devil, who had long ow'd the doctor a grudge for pretending to rival him in pride, took this opportunity to pay him home; and just as the cloth was taken away, and all the bottles with curious labels, &c. set on the table,

ble, this mischievous devil, this Satan, put it into the pawnbroker's head to ask the doctor how his brother did. The pupil of Galen, with an air that would do honour to the largest wig that ever covered the brain-pan of a physic-monger, replied, I don't fear but the *gentleman* will do very well.

The pawnbroker's wife, who had not, or at least pretended she had not, attended to the question, bawls out, What, you mean your uncle, doctor? I am heartily glad to hear he is likely to do well; the parish would have had a great loss of him, for he is reckoned the best cobbler in all London.

Never did astonishment display itself in such lively colours as it did at that instant on the faces of the whole circle,

circle, except the speech-maker's, and she appeared as unconcerned as if she had been buying a poor cast-off mistress's gold watch for half its value.

The plump, round, unmeaning face of the doctor, became instantly a foot long, whilst indignation sparkled from the eyes of his quality-lady, to think she had contaminated her bed with a creature whose uncle was a cobbler: in short, she ey'd her helpmate with ineffable disdain; and pretending, but I am inclined to believe being taken with a real fit of the cholic, retired, leaving her husband, the cobbler's nephew, to entertain his astonished guests as well as he could.

The most nauseous mixture which the doctor ever prescribed for any
poor

poor devil of a patient to swallow, I'll answer for it, never tasted half so bitter as this did to himself; and he wished he had rather taken all his own recipes for the last month, than have invited this uncle and aunt. As for the good-natured company, their astonishment soon changed into a kind of malignant pleasure, to find the great doctor, who looked as if he could trace his pedigree as high as Nimrod, had as shallow, if not a shallower, bottom than themselves; for there were few of the company, except one that came from the Foundling-hospital, and another that was put apprentice by the parish to a chimney-sweeper, but had sense enough to run away, and get money abroad; I say, there was not one of the company except these two, but what could
upon

upon occasion find a grandfather either by pappa or mamma's side; they therefore began to enjoy the thing, and thinking themselves well concealed under their own obscurity, chuckled inwardly to find the great doctor no bigger a man than themselves. If the man of physic could have recovered himself, they were disposed to be very merry; but as the sportsmen at the cock-pit say, he was chanc'd for the battle, and could not put it off; his jaw was lengthened for the night, and it was out of the power of styptics to shorten it again; he durst as well be blooded or blistered, as attempt to mount his darling hobby-horse *pride*, that evening; and without it he was a Mr. Nobody; but Mrs. Pawnbroker had given him a tumble, and with such a rattle, that he

felt it severely, and in my opinion will feel it in his bones these ten years at least; and could he even cure himself, I am apt to think his quality-rib won't let him forget it, but on every trifling occasion will be apt to say, Remember who you are sir; and I am afraid the doctor is not philosopher enough to recollect that his misfortune is no more than what all sudden great men are subject to; for unless they can get an act of parliament to hang or drown all their relations, in the midst of their highest airs they will be liable to these sort of mortifications.

However the doctor strove as much as he could to make the best of a bad market; but, spite of his endeavours, he put the king's health about with as grave a phiz as if he had been saying

ing an *ave maria* for a departed soul : the rest of the general toasts underwent the same fate, and walked gravely, one after the other, like a Lancashire carrier's string of horses. The doctor, by drinking bumper after bumper, had rather got his chin up a little ; but unluckily casting his eyes on his pawn-taking aunt, down it went again, lower than ever, and the evening concluded as flat as if it had been a meeting of commissioners for building a new bridge.

The doctor was heartily glad when he got rid of his company, especially his blundering aunt ; but now another difficulty occurred, which was how to face his delicate rib : this cobbler, in spite of all the doctor's

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pride,

pride, had sunk him even in his own opinion:—as he was conning over a speech to make to his lady on his entrance into her room, the maid met him, and told him her mistress was so much indisposed, she desired to sleep alone, and had ordered another bed to be prepared for him. In the morning the disciple of Galen was forced to breakfast by himself—madam could not be disturbed.

A merry poet I remember somewhere or other tells us of a gentleman that swallowed a whole cobbler, awl and apron into the bargain; but our poor lady's mouth was not wide enough for such a job; this cobbler stuck so fast in her throat, that she could not get a wink of sleep all night; and he was sticking there
when

when the doctor went out to visit his patients.

Happily for the said patients, he went about this business with such perturbation of mind, that he did not know what he prescribed; by which means, to his great surprize and mortification, he found half of them almost cured at the next visit, although he did not design to have released one of them under twenty fees more, instead of two; thus did the unfortunate cobbler do mischief every way, without meaning it; for so far from being a mischievous man, all the parish gave him the character of a quiet sober creature.

Happily for our honest cobbler, the doctor neglected the only oppor-

tunity he had of being even with him for all the trouble and vexation he had occasioned; for the man of physic, instead of prescribing for him, would not so much as let his coachman drive through the street; by which means nature cur'd him in half the time that the doctor would have kill'd him.

I am sorry I am not able to entertain my readers with what would have proved by far the best part of the story, I mean the meeting of this quality-lady and the cobbler-stain'd doctor; her speech must have been an edifying one, and calculated no doubt to shew the insolence and impudence of low people, daring to mix their healthful blood with the corrupted mass of true quality.

The

The doctor, as I said before, was so busy in studying how to appease the wrath of his super-excellent lady, that his mind run on nothing else; and I observed in one of his recipes, for ten grains of calomel, he wrote ten grains of a cobbler. How the apothecary would make it up, I cannot tell, unless he did like your country apothecaries, (and city ones too for that matter) substitute one drug for another, though no more alike in quality, than my Lord C—— and the noted Jonas.

Whilst the doctor was pondering, and pondering, and pondering, until, like Dr. Last's parson, he began to think of—nothing at all, a china-shop struck his eye: he pulled the

string directly, and went and bought a beautiful set of china for forty guineas : this he dispatched home by way of a peace-maker, in order to prepare the road for himself ; but by the same blunder that cured his patients, what he intended for the best, proved for the worst ; for his mind was so full of the mender of soles, that thinking to order the messenger to tell his lady the doctor had sent the china, he bid him say the cobbler had sent them. Yes sir, says the fellow, and away he went.

The doctor then pull'd out his pocket-book, and paid me and twenty-two pounds in hard cash to the copper-nos'd china-man, then mounted his chariot with a heart as light again

as

as when he came out, little thinking, poor gentleman, that instead of mending the matter, he had laid a fresh rod in pickle for himself. Fare you well, doctor, says I, when your pride grows troublesome to you, give it to the parson of St. ****'s parish; he knows the vanity of it, and to ease his honest parishioners has engrossed the pride of the whole parish to himself.

C H A P. XVI.

A scene in the country.

BY the china-man I was sent into the north, to meet a gentleman who had made a six months tour thro' several parts of England, and was, when I came into his possession, upon his return to town. The very day after I got into his hands, he called at a small corporation-town, to pay a visit, and take a dinner with a friend whose house stood at the end of this corporation-village, if I may be allowed to call it so. As the two friends were sauntering away the hour before dinner in the garden, the maid came running to her master, crying,
Sir !

Sir ! Sir ! the jack is broke, and I cannot get the mutton roasted. Then run and fetch the mayor, says he, and tell him, if he cannot get it done in time, he must e'en stay and turn the spit himself, for all our men are in the field ; but tell him I'll give him a drink for his trouble. Away went the girl, and quickly returned to acquaint her master that the constable was come before his worship with a foot-pad that had been stealing cocks and hens ; and as he was recorder, the mayor begged his advice to know what he must do with him. Then go, says the recorder, and bid Mr. mayor and his constable bring the cock and hen foot-pad hither. The girl went, and the two friends walked into the house to receive them : in five minutes they all three arrived.

As

As they stood on a row, it would have puzzled a conjurer to find out which was the magistrate, which the constable, and which the foot-pad: his worship was in his working waistcoat, but had pulled off his apron, as not belonging to his magisterial branch of business; but the loss of the apron unfortunately discovered a large hole in a critical part of his breeches, (which in his hurry he had not attended to) but it really gave him the air of a heathen philosopher; the constable was dressed in a coat that had been made for a man two foot taller than himself, and in the tip-top of the mode when long skirts were in fashion; so that I took it at first for a woman's Joseph; as for the culprit, he was so decently drest, that you won't wonder, if both my owner
and

and self took him for Mr. Mayor; nor were we undeceived, till the recorder said, pray sit down, Mr. Mayor. No, thank you, says the knight of the ragged breeches, I'd rather stand. Upon which, Mr. Recorder asked them, who had anything to say against the man. An please you, says his worship, with as dutiful a bow as if he had been presenting a petition to the King, John Harrowtooth's wife is come to disappear against him; she's i'th' hall now. Then pray, says Mr. Recorder, let her disappear out of the hall, and walk in here. Upon which, Mrs. Harrowtooth was called in. I never was more pleased with the sight of a woman since I was born, than I was at the appearance of this Mrs. Harrowtooth; she was about five foot ten inches

inches high, with limbs in proportion, but rather delicate than clumsy, and a very fair skin; I guess'd she could not be above two and twenty years of age: her haste to bring the foot-pad to justice, made her forget she was in he shift-sleeves, with only her leather boddice on, and a silk handkerchief thrown over her neck, that did not half cover a bosom much finer turned than the famous Venus de Medicis. What have you to say against this foot-pad, says Mr. Recorder, sucking in his breath as if he had got a mouthful of scalding hot porridge; for Mrs. Harrowtooth's figure had struck him as well as me; and I could likewise perceive my owner's blood began to run at the rate of four mile an hour faster than it did; but that need not interrupt

rupt my tale now.—What have I to say against him? quoth Mrs. Harrowtooth, I've nothing to say against him, but that I caught him in the fact. What fact, pray? says Mr. Recorder. Why, stealing my poultry, says Mrs. Harrowtooth. How did you catch him? adds Mr. Recorder. Why, says she, I myself pulled a fresh murdered cock out of his breeches; there was a hen under it that Peter Stackgarth challenged, but the cock is my husband's; I have had him in my hand a hundred times when he was alive, and could swear to him almost in the dark. My husband, if he was at home, does not know him better than I do. Upon this, my owner could smother his laughter no longer, so hastily walked out into the garden, that he might not disturb so worshipful a court, and left the recorder

recorder biting hard at his pencil, to enable him to preserve his countenance. When my owner had indulged his fit of laughing, he returned into the dining-room, where we found Mr. Recorder had agreed to deliver the cock and hen merchant to a recruiting officer that came every market-day to beat up, and had therefore given him into the custody of the constable, to be turned over to the captain's serjeant, who happened to be there that very day. Mr. Mayor was sent into the kitchen to turn the spit, and the recorder was assuring Mrs. Harrowtooth, that if the captain to whom the man was delivered, did not make her ample satisfaction for the loss of her cock, he himself would be at the expence of finding her a fresh one; then gave her a glass of mountain wine, which

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raised

raised her spirits so, that what with the wine, and the further assurance of a fresh cock, she departed almost as well contented as if her own had been still in good health and vigour.

As I promised in my first volume to return to Jack and his father as soon as possible, I think I cannot do better than leave my present possessor at the recorder's, where he staid a fortnight instead of one day, and in that time made a hundred sleeveless errands to farmer Harrowtooth's, on pretence of getting some insight into farming affairs; but I believe the real motive was to get an insight into some affairs that nobody but the farmer had a real title to meddle with. How he succeeded, time may discover, but I shall

shall not at present, because I will keep my word about Jack's father.

C H A P. XVII.

The great danger of hanging cats in a passion.

A Neighbouring farmer, one of the old gentleman's tenants, had a very fine cat; now this said cat, moved by the instigation of the devil, (these words I observe are always put into indictments, either for libels or murder) was tempted to kill a favourite thrush of his master's; now though the cat was as fine a creature for a cat as the bird was for a thrush, yet the farmer being a cross old tyke, swore he would hang the cat: now Tom Puss being a very tame animal,
used

used to visit Jack's father very often, and was much careffed by him : after his breakfast on the thrush, which Mr. Grimalkin little suspected was to be his last, he came directly to visit our old gentleman, and was purring and rubbing himself against his legs, when the farmer came in high wrath for his cat, in order to hang him. Jack's father begged of him to moderate his passion, and told him, it was only cat after kind ; and if he was a cat he would do the same thing : the farmer not readily entering into the spirit of the sentence, was more enraged than ever, thinking the 'squire had made a cat of him ; upon which, he snatched up poor Tom, and went home and hanged him in a passion, upon the pails at the end of his farm-yard. Unluckily for the

passionate farmer, they proved to be the 'squire's pales. A servant came and told him that puss was hanging upon his pales. What, says the old gentleman, has he the impudence to insult me, by hanging his cat on my pales, because I desired him to spare him? Run for Mr. Quitam the attorney. The servant ran; the attorney came: he was clear it would bear an action: a writ was accordingly sent for; and the old gentleman, by the help of the worthy Mr. Quitam, is pursuing the farmer with such warmth, that I fancy he'll take care how he hangs cats again, upon the 'squire's premises; for Quitam has undertaken, if they don't spare for money, to make the farmer hang himself upon the same pales.

C H A P. XVIII.

The benefit of good advice.

JACK's father had no sooner gotten the law-suit against the farmer firmly fixed upon the stocks, but the very next day another of as great consequence fell out. As I had an opportunity of hearing the whole affair, I may as well let my reader into the secret of the case from the beginning. Know then, gentle or ungente reader, (for I expect to meet with both) that at a market-town, not a hundred miles distant from London, there is a club of very honest fellows, that meet twice a week to enjoy themselves, by getting so drunk, they are scarce able to reel home. One of

these is a swinging great fat fellow, as big as a centry-box, a special good-natured man though, and by all accounts a jovial companion: this honest soul reeling home one of these club-nights, either fell or laid himself down at a grocer's shop-door. A merry little fellow, whose head was half an hour harder than this Falstaff's, reeling home the same way, tumbled over him, and broke his little finger: however, with much ado he got up, and staggered home, swearing all the way he would indite the grocer for laying his hop-sacks in the street, unless he would pay both the surgeon and smart-money. After the little gentleman was cured, he sent the surgeon's bill to the grocer, who being sensible he never left a bag of hops out of doors all night in his life,

life, set him at defiance: upon which, he was indicted. At the sessions it appeared, that instead of tumbling over a bag of hops, he had tumbled over a bag of guts. The discovery was made by a taylor's apprentice, who was paying his respects to the grocer's maid in the servant's-hall, which in the country commonly happens to be the street-door steps; there, whilst he was saying soft things to his hard-fisted Venus, he had an opportunity of beholding the whole transaction, which he clearly explained to the satisfaction of the court. But as the little gentleman had positively sworn that the fat fellow was a bag of hops, he has ever since gone by the name of Sir Snoringham Hopstack. Honest Falstaff only laughs at it; but his lady is the most discomfrouzled creature

ture in the world, and good reason for it, for being a very short squab woman, with a belly half as big again as her husband's, the name of Lady Hopfack hits her too hard: she therefore plagued her husband day and night to bring an action against every man that called him Hopfack; but he only laughed at her, and bid her be quiet: upon which, she one day packed herself up in the stage-coach, which set her down at the alehouse on the turnpike-road, about a mile from the old gentleman's seat, from whence she waddled up to the house; being a nigh relation of the 'squire's, he instantly sent for her baggage, as her own legs found her carcass baggage enough for them to support, without being burdened with any thing else.

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The old gentleman only heard her tale the night she came, and the next morning away they both went to London, to consult counsellor Leatherhead, of Lincoln's-inn. Whenever the 'squire resolves, right or wrong, to have a law-suit, Leatherhead is first consulted: he is a fine fellow that way, and never fails to embroil his client in a law-suit; but he uses his clients no worse than himself; for even in his own affairs, the less chance there is of succeeding, the more eager he is to try the cause. I have heard people say he has had twenty law-suits of his own, and never gained one in his life. Leatherhead advised him to proceed by way of indictment; for, says he, as your kinswoman is a gentlewoman, the name of Hopfack may be looked upon by the

court as a libel ; and if that proves the case, somebody will have it in his power to make them all tremble for making use of a saucy liberty. English people have too long been suffered to claim ; I mean that of calling their betters rascals, because they know themselves to be scoundrels.

Jack's father was so pleased with this advice, that instead of two guineas, he gave Leatherhead three, and away went the old gentleman and his cousin, with as much satisfaction as if they had gained a cause with a thousand pounds a year at the end on't.

C H A P. XIX.

A most disastrous disaster.

I Should have been exceeding happy to have spent all my days with the old gentleman and his son Jack, as I had begun to enter into their amusements, and the smell of tobacco was grown quite a perfume to me ; by which means my nose was daily regaled ; and as for the ear, Jack had begun his Bible over again, so that if my good fortune had continued me but one poor twelvemonth longer with the old gentleman, I should have known as much of the Scriptures as any bishop of them all ; nay, as any old woman in the parish ; and they are allowed to have the bet-

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ter memory of the two, unless the bishops chance to be old women likewise, and then they are upon a par. I had heard that as how, Mrs. Eve could not be quiet whilst she was well, but would have a bite of an apple, although she might every day take her belly-full of fruit with stones in it, such as cherries, peaches, plumbs, nectarines, &c. &c. and nobody say wrong she did; but because one poor article was forbid, and a stoneless article too, she chose to long for it; and the devil, who is always very ready at such pretty kind of jobbs, helped her to stay her longing in a twink.

Jack had gotten as far as Leviticus, where, to be sure, there are a great many pious rules, and very proper

proper to be read in churches; as how, after a poor woman has had a male child, nobody, not her own husband, is to meddle with her in the child-getting way for threescore and six days; but all the labour is lost in reading it to the Christians; they call it a Jewish trick, and break the Levitical law much sooner, which to be sure must fall heavy on the poor women. It says likewise, you sha'nt meddle with a woman that hath an issue; but if she is possessed of a large fortune, a Christian Lord will take her if she has twenty. Then there was one chapter about scabs; but as I hate scabby fellows of all sorts, like a sober citizen at church, I fell asleep whilst the chapter was reading.

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I had forgot though to mention a queer question Jack asked his father on the road betwixt Genesis and Leviticus; it was about honest Joseph, when he ran so stoutly away from his mistress, and left his coat to cover her, because she was naked. Jack at his age could have no idea of a young man running away from a naked woman, so thought there must be some good reason for it: he therefore asked his father, if she was not a confounded ugly jade that this great man had married for her money, as our great men sometimes do now-a-days. The old man told him, she was a very handfomewoman, but it was the Lord that gave him strength to run away. I understand you, says Jack, the Lord hardened his heart as he did that of
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Pharoah, that he plagued so with lice and frogs, and at last sowed him in the Red Sea. The old fellow was so pleased with this observation of Jack's, that he gave a snap with his fist on the table, like the crack of a pistol, and sent a fresh-burnt tobacco-pipe and a black jug of ale flap upon the floor: the tobacco-box saved itself; for being of the same metal that Pope made a late reverend prelate's head, it was not inclinable to jump so nimbly. Jack, as usual, star'd with his jaws about half a yard asunder: but the old fellow bid him ring for a fresh supply of ale, and then go on, adding, that he always said Jack would turn out a clever lad. Thus with these two originals did I spend my time, till one fatal morning that I was destined to part from my good
old

old friend, in the corner of whose breeches-pocket I had lain undisturbed many a merry day ; but nothing in this world can remain for ever in one situation ; the dearest friends, soon or late, must part.

The curate of the parish, although he had full five and thirty pounds a year, and no family, except a wife and six children, had managed so ill as to get very near eleven pounds behind-hand in the world, occasioned, as he told the old gentleman, by his family proving for six months together very sickly, and therefore came to beg the favour of the 'squire to lend him that sum. Now several discerning people would soon have found out that he must have been swattling away his money at the ale-house,

house, or a man with such a fine income could never have run so much in debt; but our old gentleman believed every word he said, and not having gold enough lug'd me from his breeches pocket, and lent the curate twenty pounds instead of eleven. The Collect-reader could hardly believe his own eyes; as he expected no more than a ten pound note, he fancied he saw double, so took a second peep, and spelt the word twenty ten times over at least before he could believe it was a word of two syllables; at last, being persuaded it was really twenty, he thanked the squire with such an air of gratitude, that the old gentleman, who had great sensibility, told him he should never repay it till he got a living; which was the same thing as saying, I give it you; for the
 poor

poor curate had no more chance of a living, than a methodist preacher has of going to heaven: however, away he went the happiest mortal alive. He had scarce walked twenty yards from the house, before he pull'd me again out of his pocket; he still mistrusted his senses, and, for fear the word twenty should give him the slip, he kept his eyes constantly on that spot, lest some of the letters in it should vanish; but all the time he walked very briskly homeward, to let his wife share his joy. On the road betwixt the old gentleman's and the town where he lived he escaped all accidents, and neither ran over coach, chaise, or cart, because the drivers commonly bawl'd out to him; but in the town unfortunately there was a fruit-cellar in his road, the parson,

son, not having a corner of an eye to spare to direct his feet, walk'd plump into the cellar, and went head-foremost to the bottom of the stairs: the fruit-woman and a basket of apples were-luckily in his way, and broke his fall, but he carried both to the bottom with him; the basket and apples roll'd away and got clear of him, but the poor woman lay under him in a posture for all the world as if the parson was going to ravish her: he, poor man, was so stun'd with his fall, he could not stir an inch, had it been to save the souls of the whole parish; as to the fruit-woman, she was very little hurt, but finding the parson lay quite motionless upon her, she began to be weary of his weight, and after trying two or three different motions of her own to get him to stir, but without

effect, she then began to roar out for help. A wet quaker that was going by look'd down, and seeing Divinity in that posture, lifted up his eyes, and said, Who could have thought it? but walk'd off, not caring to interfere in church-affairs. The baker's wife at the next door hearing the quaker's ejaculation, and seeing him look down, let her curiosity carry her to know what was the matter; by this time the apple-vender, in striving to disengage herself, had gotten one of her legs across the parson's back; her petticoats in the fall had so disposed themselves, that an impartial bye-stander would have sworn the parson had taken them up on purpose, though he poor soul, so far from having any thoughts about petticoats, had scarce touch'd his own wife's for the

the last seven years. This shews how cautious good people ought to be in judging too rashly by appearances.

The baker's wife seeing her neighbour in a posture that somehow or other strangely affected her senses, could not help thinking it an odd position for a parson either to preach or pray in; not that she would have any objection to it should it happen to be a new form of prayer; she therefore ran hastily down to get a true information of the matter in hand; there she found poor Split-text unable to split either his text or any thing else, for he was as motionless as if he had been stuck between two branches of an oak tree: upon which she heartily join'd with her neighbour to get the parson upon his legs. He, poor soul,

just beginning to recover the stun he received in his fall, at that instant recollected his bank-note: he had kept me safe grasp'd in his fist during the whole disaster, but being obliged to carry his hand a little downward, in order to assist Mrs. Bakeloaf in raising him up, he lost me; eager to recover his treasure before he stirred an inch from his ground, he sent his hand into every hole and corner within his reach.

The poor parson not being so well recovered yet as to clearly distinguish a cart-wheel from a cart-horse, eagerly seized on any thing that in the least resembled my rumpled carcass.

What

What he got hold of I cannot for the life of me imagine, but thinking he had found me, and resolving I should not give him the slip again, he gave such a gripe, that the apple-monger set up a scream loud enough to be heard from Charing-cross to Temple-bar.

The great Danish writer Baron Holberg, from whom the famous Moliere, as well as several of our English play-manufacturers, were glad to steal the very essence of their works, tells us, that women understand by the tone of a scream what part of the body is most particularly affected, which accounts for the baker's wife instantly snatching the parson's hand from the place where he fancy'd he had found his bank-

note; but he resolving not to lose me again, held so fast, that he brought away every thing within his gripe: the amazing pain that the apple-seller felt increased her strength so, that she roll'd the parson off with as much ease, as if he had been only a three-penny loaf, and jumping up, seized on her three-leg'd stool with design to split the text-splitter's skull. The baker's wife was then of the same service to him as Trulla was to Hudibras, she bestrode the still prostrate priest, and catching the descending stool, ask'd the enraged apple-vender what the devil ail'd her? Ails me, says she, look in his hand, a barbarous rascal as he is: O that a man should ever use a poor woman thus! She then set up the flourish used on very disastrous occasions, and snatch-

ing up the leg of a broken chair, made another stroke at poor Split-text's head. Now he by good luck was quite recovered, and seeing the storm going to fall on his pate, wisely withdrew it, and kept it snug under Mrs. Bakeloaf's petticoats, who once more disarm'd his enrag'd antagonist, and then began an altercation with her about the unreasonableness of her passion, whilst the parson's head was stewing under her petticoats all the time, where he lay very contentedly; but whether to save his bacon, or because his situation pleas'd him, I won't pretend to say: I can only aver, that he lay as still as a mouse, till Mrs. Bakeloaf had reason'd Dolley Codlin into a little cooler temper. She then raised poor Split-text from the ground, and ask'd him

him what he had got in his hand ? for his fist was still close clench'd. Got, says Divinity, I have got my bank-note. On which he open'd his fingers ; but never was any man's surprize equal to his, when, instead of me, he found his hand full of black stuff, resembling the curl'd wool with which the ladies quilted-petticoats are stuff'd : being a man of great feeling, though a parson, he was much concerned, fearing he had pluck'd a great hole in Dolley's petticoat to get such a quantity of the stuffing. Now the baker's wife, who knew the wool at first glance, and had always a kind of a spite against her neighbour for having better stuff to stitch in the inside of her quilted petticoat than herself, was pleas'd to the heart to see that the church had

flee'd

fleec'd her so handsomely at one pluck, and therefore began to take his part tooth and nail; declaring, if he had not been in a fit, it was impossible for a man of his profession ever to have done such a barbarous deed. Fit, says the apple-vender, (still smarting with her loss) it was such a fit of mischief as he never can make me amends for, if he lives a thousand years. She then began to shake her petticoats, and down drop'd I. The parson, whose eyes were every where in search of his note, darted upon me like a hawk upon a lark, and holding me up, with joy said to the baker's wife, You see my bank-note was not far off. In short, the honest man, now that his senses were restored, and his note recovered, made such a handsome apology, and seem'd

so sincerely concerned at the barbarous action he had unknowingly committed, (for a barbarous action he allowed it would be esteemed by all nations except the Turks) that Dolley Codlin, the apple-vender, seem'd as well satisfied as any poor woman could be under such a dreadful misfortune, and own'd that she verily believed that neither he nor any of his brethren would do such a cruel thing in their sober senses.

The curate no sooner got fairly out of the fruit-cellar, but he took care to make use of both his eyes the remaining part of his journey home, where he arrived safe and sound, except the loss of all the skin from the knuckles of the hand that held me so fast; but the good soul never felt it :

it: he shew'd the note to his wife, who was so much rejoiced, that he might have left his knuckles, as well as the skin, behind him, and she never have perceiv'd it, so busy was she in perusing the contents of my pleasing countenance.

Whilst both parson and wife were agreeably entertaining themselves with viewing my shapes, and admiring the thinness of my coat, a relation, an apothecary, from London, called in to pay them a visit. He had come down the day before to receive a legacy of a hundred pounds left him by an aunt, and would not return without paying his respects to the curate and his wife. Split-text, after the first compliments, ask'd him what value his note was of? The apothecary

apothecary told him twenty pounds, and he would be obliged to him to let him change it, because, having received all his legacy in cash, the weight of the money was rather troublesome. Thus came I to be pop'd into the clyster-pipe case of the little apothecary, that in my first volume got so tumbled about by the blind man and his dog.

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END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

